

CAVALCADE

A woman with dark, curly hair is climbing a wooden ladder. She is wearing a bright yellow, two-piece swimsuit. She is looking back over her shoulder at the camera with a slight smile. The background is a clear, light blue sky.

1/6

JANUARY, 1953

RED-HEADED TIGER WOMAN

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FATE OF A LOVELY WANTON

—page 66

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Cavalcade

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RED-HEADED TIGER-WOMAN



Now middle-aged, America's most famous wanderer lives out her days in an Arizona seclusion—when she does not manage to escape.

ON a moonless night in November, 1931, a middle-aged woman peered upon a heavy screen window, slipped down a home-made rope-and-wire ladder, scaled a rusted-rod barbed wire fence and fled the State Hospital for the Insane at Phoenix, Arizona.

It was the fourth escape in 18 years for geyring but still attractive Wynne Ruth Judd. As with the other attempts, this one was short-lived. She was recaptured within 24 hours.

Twenty-two years ago, this once winning shot two girl friends to death, stuffed the remains into two trunks, and shipped them off to Los Angeles.

Newspapers of the time dubbed her the "red-headed tiger-woman" and millions of readers avidly followed every detail of the lurid story which came out of her trial. She was convicted and sentenced to keep. Then, almost on the eve of her execution, she was found insane and sentenced to the asylum.

Born Ruth McKinnell, at Clary, Indiana, in 1904, she first achieved a local reputation as the tender age of 18, when she disappeared from her home.

She was found a few days later in a nearby hayrack, clad only in a gingham. The thin, uncorseted, brown-eyed girl said she'd

been kidnapped. Proceedings were started against a local young man, but were suddenly dropped. His family moved her to California.

A few years later, in Los Angeles, she married Dr. William C. Judd, a reputable physician.

It apparently was a happy marriage until 1923, when they divorced and she had contracted tuberculosis. On advice of specialists, she was immediately shipped off to the cold, dry climate of Arizona. Her husband remained in Los Angeles to carry on his lucrative practice.

Although neither a trained nor a graduate nurse, Mrs. Judd soon obtained employment as office assistant at the imposing Grunow Memorial Clinic at Phoenix.

There in 1930 she met Miss Agnes LeFebre, employed at the clinic as an X-Ray technician. And through her, Helen Samelson.

Mrs. LeFebre, a striking 22-year-old, once-divorced brunette, formerly had been superintendent of nurses at Winthrop Hospital in Alaska. Miss Samelson, a 22-year-old Jewish school teacher, had come to the hospital for treatment when she was stricken with tuberculosis. The two quickly became close friends.

So close, in fact, that when Miss Samelson was sent to Arizona for further treatment, Miss LeFebre threw up her job to go along.

In this friendship, Wynne Ruth Judd found a place. A short time after they met, she went to live with the two women.

For a time all was beautifully harmonious. But after the first few months, evidence of discord began to mount up. Mrs. Judd took a separate apartment. However, she continued to use a good deal of her former roommates.

Suddenly on October 15, Dr. Percy Brewer, X-ray specialist at the Grun-

ow Clinic, received a telephone call and immediately from Miss LeFebre. She said she was leaving for Tucson, Arizona, with Miss Samelson, whose brother was "gravely ill" there.

The next day, Dr. Louis Baldwin at the clinic got a phone call from Miss Judd. She said she was leaving for Los Angeles because her husband was "seriously ill."

A few days later employees at the Los Angeles railroad station called the attention of District baggage agent Andrew V. Anderson to two trunks that had just arrived from Phoenix, Arizona.

Blood was leaking out of both, and one of them "smelled bad."

Later that same day an attractive, copper-haired young woman appeared at the station, accompanied by a red-haired young man in ordinary slacks and sweater. The woman presented a check for the trunks.

"Something seems to be wrong with these trunks," Anderson told the couple. "You'd better come with me and look at them."

He told them the trunks would have to be opened before they could be released. The woman said she didn't have the key, she'd have to get in touch with her husband. She and the young man left.

The baggage agent, his suspicion aroused, followed them out and discreetly took down the license number of the black roadster in which they drove off. Several hours later, when they failed to return, he notified police.

The two trunks were forced open, revealing a gruesome sight.

In one was the body of a woman and the head and limbs of another. In the other trunk were more sections of the second woman's body.

While they were still examining this macabre find, a portly nurse in white a customer and barbers he had dis-

covered abandoned in the woman's red room at the station.

In them were missing parts of the torso of the criminal woman. There was also an assortment of surgical instruments, evidently used to dissect the victim, and a black-headed gun.

The license number of the roadster was traced, and the coral-topped young man located. He was Benton McKinnell, a student at the University of Southern California.

He readily admitted accompanying his mother, Mrs. Winnie Ruth Judd, of Phoenix, Arizona, to the railroad station in an unsuccessful attempt to recover her baggage. He and he dropped her in Los Angeles.

Phoenix, police, immediately notified, started an investigation at their own. They traced Mrs. Judd to her place of employment, learned of the disappearance of her two friends.

Detectives went to the girl's home and found that a section of the bedroom rug had been laboriously cut away with manicure knives. The door boards recently had been scrubbed clean, but, in the cracks, experts uncovered traces of blood. Covered fragments of the rug were found in the fireplace.

Through photographs, the identity of the two victims and their presumed slayer was established.

Now police sent out a three-State alarm for Mrs. Winnie Judd.

As soon as Dr. Judd learned of the charges against his wife, he fired a longer and fiercer notice in local newspapers urging her to surrender.

Five days after the search began Winnie got in touch with the attorney. On his advice, she gave up to police.

On the day of her trial, January 19, 1933, more 30,000 curious men, women and children packed the streets near the courthouse to get a

glimpse of the guilty prisoner.

Her attorneys, two of the best-known criminal lawyers in the U.S., pleaded self-defense and insanity on her behalf.

After deliberating for two hours and forty minutes, the jury returned with no verdict guilty of murder in the first degree.

Less than 12 hours before the scheduled execution in April, 1933, a clemency hearing was requested for her.

A jury of neighbors and outsiders denied her pleas. In an outburst of approval, spectators applauded loudly, leaped on chairs, waved hats and handkerchiefs. Mrs. Judd smiled weakly.

For seven years Winnie Ruth Judd remained quietly imprisoned in the shadowy world of the prison asylum.

On the night of October 25, 1939, she suddenly vanished from a three-curtain-locked room. In her bed she left an artificially-controlled dormer.

At midnight she appeared at the home of her parents. She stayed only 15 minutes, refused to heed their pleas that she surrender.

Six days later, while an intensive hunt for her was in full swing, she walked into the institution and gave herself up. She said she was cold, hungry, weary of hiding.

Nevertheless, only five weeks later, on the night of December 1 she did it a second time. This time her freedom lasted 13 days.

Eight years passed. On May 11, 1941, she won A.W.O. action, convincing two juries to get out. This time they used bloodhounds to track her down. She was captured 15 hours later in an orange grove near Temple, Arizona.

She said she'd run away because she'd been refused permission to be with her mother, Mrs. Carrie E. McKinnell, on Mother's Day.

She didn't get to see her mother. However that same year Mrs. McKinnell suffered a severe nervous breakdown, and was confined to the same institution.

Now at last Winnie Ruth seemed happy. She was given a room next to her mother. And she was put in charge of the hospital laundry shop.

Later in 1941 an inmate at the institution started a rumor that Mrs. Judd was about to be transferred to a criminal ward, and then separated from her mother.

Efforts to reassure the 41-year prisoner that the hospital had no such plan proved useless. Attendants said she refused to be comforted, threatened to commit suicide if she and her mother were parted.

The four-woman turned frayed Sheriff Cal Bates said it must have taken her weeks to weave bits of cloth, a torn bath robe and heavy women's coats into a ladder.

Remembering the bloodhounds used to track her down on her previous escape, she carefully weighed everything in her room—even the bedclothes—the night before the break.

On the night of November 28 she attended a Western movie with other inmates. It was over about 10 p.m., and she was permitted to go to her mother's room, adjoining her own on the second floor of the hospital.

Working quickly, she pried open the screen. Then, lowering her homemade ladder to the head of her mother's bed, she slipped out.

While the bloodhounds roared around in circles, unable to pick up the scent, she hid out in an open field near the hospital. The next morning she made her way into Phoenix, to the home of a former mistress at the asylum, Mrs. Ellen Evans.

Mrs. Evans had gone to work.

Winnie broke in and made herself at home. She took a bath, wrote some letters. When she left, she carried off a fur coat, a sport jacket, a pair of nylon hose and a flowered coat.

When Mrs. Evans returned home and discovered the theft, she reported it to police. A few hours later two police in a radio car only 15 blocks from the hospital spotted a woman in a fur coat and flowered coat similar to that reported stolen.

It was Winnie Ruth Judd. At the police station they found a radio blouse concealed in her bosom.

"I don't like it out there," she told them. "I'm sick of it. I can't stand being cooped up any longer. I'd sooner die than go back."

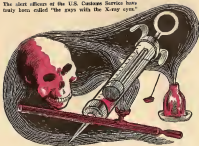
Now Winnie Ruth Judd is back in her old room, next to that of her aged mother, at the State Hospital for the Insane.

This time, the explanation was, they asked to see to it that she stays there for the rest of her life.

Anybody want to bet?



The alert officers of the U.S. Customs Service have truly been called "the guys with the X-ray eyes."



AMERICAN DOPE BUSTERS

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

THE Italian freighter "Lago Trasimeno," out of Genoa, lay snug against her pier in New York's East River.

Just inside the covering of the engine room hatch, a dispatch named Tony Arsenau industriously scoured a parashut. There was wreckage in Arsenau's hand, the warmth of self-appreciation. The look below, with their flashlights and their noses, painfully examining each of the spare boiler tubes stacked around the machine shop bulkhead—they would never find a thing.

The man who handed over the

barrel to Arsenau in Genoa had made a big mistake about how sharp they were, these United States' Customs ship snipers. They were not sharp, Arsenau said to himself. Here he, on his first trip as a dope-bagger, had them beaten already.

The right hatch had come to him the night before. It had driven him headfirst from his bunk, down the long ladder into the engine room. Tony had carefully removed the little white packages hidden inside the spare boiler tubes and had put them in another hiding place of his own invention. It was a good thing that

he had. Look at them now, searching the boiler tubes.

The four snipers working over the pile of boiler tubes fished. Two others, their faded dungarees stained with oil and red lead, emerged from the shaft alley. They exchanged a few words in a low voice with the boiler tube detail, then started up the series of steel ladders to the deck.

Tony looked down over from the corner of his eye, the wrenches and screwdrivers protruding from the pockets of their dungaree jackets, the patches at their waists, the legend U.S. Customs Service stenciled on knee buttons on the backs of their jackets, the dark blue caps with Customs badges that were the nearest thing they had to uniforms.

He noted how, as they climbed, they peered up underneath the resistance plate of the second, ran their fingers along pipes, shone a flashlight into a dark corner where a platoon was hidden to a bulkhead.

The four who had been working on the boiler tubes were coming up the ladder, too. The last of them stepped over the casing and on to the deck. Tony's grin returned. It was time for his next clever move. He would get the staff and put it back into the boiler tubes.

Looking up brash and locked, he swung himself in the air, the staff gave access to the upper deck. He stepped out into the wind and rain—and three in his tracks in sudden terror, the paint bracket all but clapped from his hand. A big man in dungarees stood within five feet of him, playing a flashlight into the interior of a bulkhead.

Hearing Tony's quick intake of breath, the man swung sharply around, his steady gray eyes narrowing a little. He took out a folded paper and stepped over to the apprehensive woman.

"What's your name?" he asked in a friendly Italian.

"Tony Arsenau," Tony managed to say.

The gray eyes ran down the list, stopped, and lifted to Tony's face. "You a Customs officer," he said. "Have you declared anything on this ship's manifest all the articles you are bringing into the United States? Five yards of silk dress goods and a gallon of wine? Is that correct?"

"Oh, yes," said Tony, feeling the confidence surge back into him.

The Customs man folded the damp list and replaced it in his pocket. Then he walked off and disappeared down the ladder to the well deck.

Tony stood past the bulkhead to the open oval of a huge engine room ventilator and began to select his emergency interest. Presently he was hearing well in, so as to reach the farther portions. Beyond the tube he could see a glimmer of light from the engine room filtered through the grating, some two feet below him, which prevented wind-driven objects from falling down the tube. The little wire hook he had placed there the night before was still attached to the grating.

Tony cast one glance over his shoulder, and then moved fast. He reached down and caught hold of the grating. He tugged it up with one hand, releasing the hook with the other. The cord was still attached to the hook. He drew it up and his fingers needed and gripped a package.

Five minutes' work, and all would be safe. He turned to dive for the engine room ladder.

The big man in dungarees stood barring his path. "Have you declared that Arsenau?" he asked.

They turned and started to dodge around the ventilator. Two more dampened figures stood by the head of the deck ladder. Strong figures

INTER-COW INCIDENT

She was only a blonde at an Office party; but she proved being bored, when the limo went silent on her, she refused to be ignored, she phoned her platinum girlfriend

and in honeyed accents bubbled:

"What an earth do you do with your limous, my dear? I can't bear how they've not being troubled!"

—RAY-PAY

spun him back against the roll.

Arrears and his hands were small hands for the Port of New York's Customs Enforcement Division being a small-thin, he knew nothing beyond the name of a man in Italy and one place in New York where a man with the right name would take his dope and pay him off.

But to the Customs Service of the U.S. and other countries, every American and every small shipment of heroin captured are important to the project of stopping the villainous racket.

Dope smuggling is big business, operated for big profits. A kilo of heroin, 62.5 pounds, which sells in Italy for around 1,000 dollars, will bring from 5,000 to 10,000 dollars on delivery to 'the distributor in the United States. Adulterated with coffee sugar, it can be made into as many as 25,000 60 cent doses for retail sale.

Inspector Bill Geary, who has been a customs searcher for 22 years, is a prime example of the kind of man the American Service depends on.

Five days a week, at 8 a.m., Inspector Geary reports at the office of Deputy Collector Herman Lipkoff, chief of the Customs Enforcement Division, in New York City. He and his aged change into uniforms, and the inspector checks each man's gun, belt, flashlight, mirror (for looking around corners and behind fixtures) and badge.

Since there are not enough men to search every ship that comes in from a foreign port, preference is given to "hot ships"—those that may be reasonably suspected of carrying narcotics or other contraband.

A world-wide web of information helps in this. Past informers, who can be paid up to half the fines and bail forfeits collected in dope prosecutions, play their part. The Treasury Department has agents abroad. Canada frequently cedes to the U.S. the crew lists of ships sailing from "dope-coasts" ports, and the lists are checked for previous offenders or suspect persons.

In Geary's work two things are invaluable: keen observation, and an instinct for anything out of the ordinary.

In Geary the instinct has grown so strong that it seems to work independently of the rest of his mind. On one occasion, preoccupied with a deployment problem, he gave a passing glance to a laundry wagon pulling away from the ship's side. The expertly-working laundry men? These laundry bags are stacked two months. A search beyond the dope, pulled up inside the dirty sheets.

Inspector Geary is often struck by an instinct just as he's mounting his squad to leave the ship. The master is a strict rule of the Enforcement Division, to make sure that no smuggler is lying in a dark passage with a knife in his back, as has happened in the past. The instinct tells

him, "Let's just take another look."

Geary once noticed a Latvian porterman dumping six sacks of potatoes in the floor for inspection. These proved to be nothing on the potatoes, but when Geary ordered them returned to the male, the porterman opening rapidly to the task, growing happier.

Outside in the passage, Geary was watched. The small of waist squelch is a perfect cover-up for the small of opinion, which it clearly repudiates.

Back in the galley, Geary found only a cock on a dirty white spread. The rotten potatoes were gone.

Just as he was leaving the galley, a shush, heart melted somewhere. "Marked Markin!" Geary shouted. "Get up on deck and stop that racket!"

Two huge garbage cans stood by a hallway, ready to be hoisted near the side to a truck on the pier.

The inspector led the others, diving into the stinking mess with both hands. A brick-shaped, paper-wrapped object about six inches long turned up—and another, and then another—until dozens of them had been retrieved. Each was a brick of crude opium.

The out-of-the-ordinary thing that catches the searcher's eye may be a bright new screwhead in a steel plate, or a slight bulge in a chainroom ceiling. In one of the biggest hauls the Customs searchers ever made, the tip-off was a single drop of oil.

After Port Patrolman Dorney and Bayne, two veteran ship searchers, had thoroughly checked the engine and five rooms of a hot ship from Manhattan for more than two hours, they ran over their mental check list and could find nothing they had missed. Then Dorney noticed a drop of oil on the side of a tank.

The leak had dripped from a man-hole, which, according to the logs, was at least two feet above the level of the oil inside the tank. A quick and only search of the tank's interior brought up the answer.

The smuggler had suspended a large reinforced package from a steel rod to one of the manhole's bolts. The rod had rusted up on fire a week off the way up to the bolt.

The package contained 44 pounds of prepared opium and eight pounds of heroin—valued, at the prevailing rate, would have totaled to add to the more than 1,000,000 dollars.

With more and more of these trained searchers being thrown into the fight, the day may not be far off when the gigantic American dope racket—valuable destroyer of countless lives and souls—will be wiped out.



example, in investigating an asymptomatic group of 54 men who were passing through the male climacteric, noted that 43.4 per cent reported a decrease or total absence of desire, while 38.8 per cent stated that potency had decreased or entirely disappeared. Dr. H. J. Douglas, in reporting on 22 cases, stated that all showed a decrease in sexual desire, while five were totally impotent.

Yet the Kinsey report points out that, of men who have reached the age of 50, only 22 per cent are impotent. Decline—has not loss of sexual capacity is to be expected in both sexes during the climacteric. Many women even report a better, more satisfactory sex life after the menopause, when the fear of pregnancy has passed.

Doctors have listed more than a score of symptoms of the climacteric, which may frequently be recognized by men undergoing this transition. They include:

Nervousness (in almost all instances), irritability (60 per cent), depression (40-60 per cent), lowered memory and power of concentration (50 per cent), weight increase and decrease in self-confidence (40 per cent), worry (30 per cent), disturbed sleep (30 per cent), headaches (25 per cent), itching of the skin (20 per cent), irascibility and a wish to avoid crowds (25 per cent), thoughts of suicide (20 per cent), a feeling of fatigue and weariness (20 per cent), and skin irritation (15 per cent).

Of 28 men undergoing the climacteric studied by Drs. Peckes and Roddick and reported in the "Paperback Quarterly" (October, 1940), 25 showed hormone production comparable to that of juveniles, or adults. Treatment with the male sex hormone testosterone and testosterone propionate, however, pro-

duced improvement in the majority of patients. In severe cases, psychotherapy or shock treatment was indicated.

Science now has a pretty clear idea what happens in the climacteric in both the male and the female. It has been found that the pituitary gland, which is suspended beneath the brain in almost the exact center of the head, produces a wide variety of hormones which control most of the bodily functions, including those of sex.

For example, in the age of puberty as approached, the pituitary starts secreting a gonadotropic hormone, which in turn stimulates activity of the ovaries in the female and testes in the male. These in turn produce their own hormones, the ovaries producing hormones known as estrogen and the testes producing hormones known as androgens.

In the male, production of the androgen testosterone stimulates development of the "secondary" sexual characteristics such as public hair, change of voice and so on. Concurrently another male hormone, progesterone, stimulates the production of sperm cells.

"It is accepted now that the production of testosterone (sometimes called the male sex hormone of virility) increases progressively from the age of 6 to 14," writes Peckes and Roddick, "reaching its highest level between 22 and 25 and maintaining this level for about 10 years, thereafter declining gradually. This decline is most obvious and rapid between the ages of 40 and 50, and at the age of 60 androgen levels and hormonal production approach that of pre-puberty. . . ."

In many instances, serious harm has resulted through attempts to restore waning virility and produce

sexual maturity through the unwise administration of sex hormones. The reason for such harm is admirably pointed out by Dr. Kozminsky, of Oxford University, and one of the world's greatest authorities on old age. Dr. Kozminsky, after noting that sex hormones sometimes fail to rejuvenate and in addition may bring on collapse, explains:

"Often an old organ or tissue cannot stand vigorous stimulation, but may collapse from paralysis, just as a third horse when whipped to do extra work cannot withstand the strain and suddenly collapses from heart failure."

Nevertheless, judicious treatment with sex hormones has often been extremely beneficial in counteracting the rapid decline of androgen production during the male climacteric, and so easing the transitional period. Dr. Warner, for example, recommends such treatment which improves systemic tone generally and restores a sense of well-being.

Dr. William Lick is more optimistic when he says "... even the most philosophical doctor is not prepared to accept an decline as inevitable or necessarily permanent until he has taken his specific problems to physicians best qualified to offer advice. . . ." He recommends, depending on the case, the assistance of the endocrinologist, gynecologist, psychiatrist and urologist.

With people living to much older ages, the male climacteric is bound to affect larger proportions of the population than has been the case in the past. Until recent years it was only the men individual who lived long enough to undergo the climacteric, regardless of sex (women, of course, live longer than men).

For example, the ancient Romans had an average life expectancy of only 32 years; by 1880, in Western countries, the average lifespan was still only 47 years. To-day, however, it is over 62 years and is still climbing.

Increased understanding and use of the sex hormones by competent practitioners will undoubtedly do much to ease the transition of the climacteric in both women and men. With such aid, there should come a corresponding decline in cases of middle-aged neuritis, melancholia, sex indifferences and other nervous breakdowns, suicides and losses of sexual capacity.

Most important, we know now that men and women are even more similar in their basic sexual processes than was formerly supposed. This knowledge should lead to a greater harmony between the sexes, and to a fuller, richer marital sex life, actualized well beyond the climacteric of both parties and into the golden and even the silver years.





HERMANN VOLT

They called Daniel Douglas

Home "the creepiest man you

ever saw"—because he per-

suaded the secret of levitation.

THE MAN WHO FLOATED THROUGH AIR

CAN a man—without the aid of another human being, and without employing a mechanical contrivance of any sort—rise bodily from the ground and sail through the air?

Lord this seems like an absurd question, let us hasten to state that some very learned scientists have claimed that such a phenomenal feat is possible. And there are at least a hundred instances on record where persons say they actually saw it happen.

The man they saw float through the air was Daniel Douglas Home.

Daniel Douglas Home was born in 1831, and during his 26-odd years on earth he probably caused more excitement than any one else in the whole Western Hemisphere.

Home was a young lad of about 16, living in Norwich, Connecticut, when he first discovered that unassuming objects sometimes showed signs of wonderment in his presence. Once, while looking into a mirror as he combed his hair, he was so riveted to see a chair on the other side of the room was curiously sliding in his direction.

After that, similar weird sights became commonplace around the heart of his room, with whom he loved. Tables took to bounding up and down, and a room full of furniture would suddenly rearrange itself without the least provocation. Then, too, "spirit rappings" came from all over the place. Before long Auntie began hint-

ing that either the spirit's depart—or her nephew would have to. So Daniel left home.

Through mysterious ways had seen some of the strange things that happened in his presence, Home's name had already become widely known in the New England States.

A great many people, most of them rich, began to vie for the honor of having the handsome youth and his "spirit friends" in their guests. That it was that Home embarked on practically a whole lifetime of living in other persons' houses and showing them, for a fee, his "weird talents." His fame spread throughout the world.

Home's first experience with levitation took place at the house of Mr. Ward Cheney, silk manufacturer, in South Manchester, Connecticut. An account of the same was written by F. L. Hart, editor of the "Hartford Times," who was at Cheney's house on the night of August 5, 1852.

According to Hart, the men of the party were sitting with Home, so one of the could materialize any "spirit lights." The room was fairly dark, but not enough so that they couldn't see quite clearly that "suddenly Home began to rise."

Three times Home went up. The third time he was carried all the way to the high ceiling of the room. When he came down before the astounded group, it was with a "graceful, floating motion."

Hart's story raised Home's reputation enormously in the minds of the believers. Especially since Home went on to many succeeding levitations—as just about any man he was invited into, whether at an apartment house or a palace.

The most famous bit of levitation by Home—the one that aroused a storm of controversy in the newspapers of Europe and America—was described

by Lord Lindsay. It took place at Ashley House in London, and was observed by Captain Charles Wyome, the Earl of Danvers and Lord Lindsay.

Three were were sitting with Home, watching the usual telekinetic movements of furniture and such in the light of the flickering gas jets (the usual source of illumination at that period). Before long, Home got up and began walking nervously about the room. Finally, as if studying a great decision, he spoke to the men. "You have all seen me suspended in the air under circumstances where there was no danger," he said. "But now I will perform the most remarkable feat of my entire career."

With that he went into the next room, where they could hear him raising a window. An instant later, they recalled with hair-raising horror as they saw him floating in the air outside the window of the room they were in! There he was, clearly revealed in the light of the full moon—certainly breathing air 75 feet above the ground!

Home remained outside the window long enough for them to see him turn "over and over" a few times, then he "trickled into the room, feet foremost."

A careful search by the three men failed to disclose any mechanical means by which Home could have performed this amazing and daring feat.

One of the most famous men to become interested in Home was William Crookes, a brilliant young chemist, who approached Home with a clear, scientific mind—and an array of instruments to measure any magnetic or gravitational changes that might occur during a seance.

Crookes, too, became unfalteringly convinced that Home had strange powers. On one occasion he claimed

FILM director, William Des-
telle, on location in Hollywood
recently, was looking for
authentic peasant types. He
was awayed when he spied
an old man with a long white
beard and wearing a color-
ful homespun jacket. Destelle
immediately placed him on
the payroll, but nearly
swamered next morning when
the old fellow appeared for
work. He had used his ad-
vance wages to have his beard
shaved and get a brand-new
ready-made suit.

seeing Home was 15 miles off the
beach—and stay there while the
scientist painted his hands under his
feet, over his head, and around his
body, to make sure there weren't
any available supports holding him
up.

The statement was not made by
a scientist, but by the man who dis-
covered thallium, who invented the
radioactive, and whose researches
with the Crookes vacuums tube helped
pave the way for many other scientific
advances. In later years, Crookes
was elected President of that august
and most precise body, the British
Association for the Advancement of
Science. At the election, scientific
fellow members kidded him about his
belief in Home—but Crookes still
swore he had made no mistake, and
that Home really did have super-
natural powers.

Another famous personage, Robert
Hooke, who was probably the great-
est magician of all time, admitted that
even he could not see how Home
produced the effects he did—not by

ordinary stage magic, at least.

Berry Hovind, who took his name
from the great Hovind, went so far
as to declare he could duplicate
Home's greatest levitation experience
—the one where he sailed out of one
window and into the other—if allowed
to try it in exactly the same place
where it originally took place. In
fact, in 1930 Hovind made plans to
carry out the duplication, but failed
to do so because of "a dispute with
an assistant."

If Home ever used an assistant, no
one ever heard of the person. And
since Home's success covered over 20
years, he would have had to be really
superhuman to have had someone as-
sisting him all that time without a
few of his secrets leaking out—or, at
least, someone spotting his little
helpers at least once. They certainly
looked for him hard enough.

The famous sailor, Sir Edward
Belcher-Lytton, had his own ideas
about Home. Such things as this man
did, say Lytton, had taken place "in
all ages and in every country under
the sun; and they would have been
explained long ago if wise men had
been about their proper business.
Levitation," he continued, "has been
recorded of so many wizards and
sages that it was one of the most
common-places of miracles. But his
study has been left exclusively to the
ignorant and superstitious, so that the
19th century found itself as baffled
by it as had the 15th."

Home, himself, always thought the
explanations of his "miracles" was
very simple. He insisted there was a
world of spirits in juxtaposition to
our own world. And when things
moved, or he was lifted up, or other
weird things happened, it was caused
by these spirits.

One of the biggest blows of his life
came when he was called a conjurer
and banished from Rome by the Pope.

Very hurt, he declared that, by Home
burning religion, he always felt that
his work was one of the greatest
helps the church could have.

Belcher, he said, thought that there
was life after death—and, on that
score, his "ghost friends" were proof
that this teaching was right. The
Bible also mentions things like
ghostly herds materializing out of no-
where, seas opening up, and mari-
time objects doing other strange
things. He was living proof that such
miracles had really happened, said
Home, because he could perform some
of them himself!

It doubtly hurt his feelings to
think he had been dubbed a "conju-
er," whereas back in the 16th and
Joseph Davis had been raised into
sancthood because of his "lights
through the air." Pope Urban VIII,
in person, had sworn out an affidavit
attesting to Joseph's ability to float
through the air.

All of this was highly unfair to
him, cried Home—but the church
never took him back into its fold.

Detail Douglas Home has been
dead more than 40 years now, and he
remains as much a mystery today as
he was during his lifetime. Countless
attempts had been made to expose
him, but he covered his secrets to his
grave. Hovind, himself, while
declaring he was sure that the effects
Home had created would have been
done by trick means, had to admit
that no one had ever proven that
trickery had been employed.

Even the great Encyclopedia Britan-
ica leaves itself open on the score
of whether Home was a fake or not,
and it takes its best off to him reader
as he was one mythical who "never
sought to make money out of his
abilities."

If he was a fake—he was certainly
one of the most remarkable ones who
ever lived.



In the French, this sultry, under-street, powdered courtesan catches Casanova.



LOTI WAS A LURID LOVER

JAMES HOLLIDAY

IF an ancient teacher after knowledge in the under art of love were to ask a Frenchman who, in his opinion, was the greatest lover the world has known, it is unlikely that he would name Rodolphe Valentino, or, for that matter, Louis XV or Casanova, whom many regard as setting an all-time high in amorous dalliance.

Running through the Frenchman's mind would be a picture of a tiny fellow courtier, with a comely nose and powdered cheeks, who called himself Pierre Loti and devoted a lifetime to the pursuit of women.

Pierre Loti was a French naval officer who, though he served for 48 years, never saw a sea fight. Instead, he drifted round the world, falling in and out of love with women of every nation, and writing down his experiences with an utter lack of reticence.

The beginning of Loti's lurid, romantic career may be traced to a warm summer afternoon in 1886 when—in a slow, shy, gothic 18-year-old youth named Louis Julien Vauclat—he was taught the meaning of love by a pretty little grey maid in a wood near his home at the seaport of Rochefort.

Selling flowers from door to door, the grey girl was about to be sent away from her father's house by a servant when she saw Louis, who was standing in the hall, "a frank man and a curious smile."

The archly-smiling glance from a grey maid and opened the flood-gates of passionate emotion of the man who was to become, many years later, "the world's most perfect lover."

Following the girl down the street, young Louis Julien now she was making his way back to her family apartment in the nearby woods.

Entering the woods, the boy ran forward and touched her hand. She turned with a smile. Then "the great secret of life and love was taught me in an opening in the rocks."

Although not rich, Louis Julien Vauclat's family was in comfortable circumstances. His father was Town Clerk of Rochefort, where the boy was born on January 24, 1858.

Louis Julien was duly entered for the navy, but was absent on an extensive cruise in the training ship, "Jean Bart," when the Franco-German War devastated his country. In exotic places like Tunis, Algiers and Smyrna, he began to blossom as a connoisseur of female loveliness.

He was 21 when he arrived in Tahiti and met a lovely dusky 18-year-old maid named Hedeia.

She it was who bore him, in time, after the island's frequent later flower, the name of Loti, which he later adopted for his writings. She also figured as the heroine of his book, "The Marriage of Loti."

In 1880 Loti—now a lieutenant, was posted to a squadron based for Turkey. The French consul at Salonika had been murdered, and a display of naval power was ordered.

But there was no fighting for Loti

invited, he experienced the most intriguing and the most passionate of his many affairs.

Wandering down a quiet, deserted residential street in Salonika, he saw two and, one-green eyes watching him from the barred upper window of a harem.

"The eyes were large and beautiful," he declared, "the eyebrows were slightly arched and almost pointed. They belonged to a girl, closely veiled, in a Turkish robe of green silk. My eyes met hers."

By bribery, the dashing Lieutenant Vauclat managed, a day or two afterwards, to enter the house and meet the girl. Her name was Hediye, said, as Attraction, she was to become the heroine of his first novel, published in Paris three years later.

The companion of an aged merchant named Aboukhan, who often left her in Salonika while he went on trading expeditions, Hediye was a beautiful, 20-year-old Circassian girl.

For a month, during the squadron's stay in Turkish waters, Louis Julien continued his nightly visits to the merchant's house. He grew to love Hediye as he had loved no other woman. When the time came to leave her for good, he was broken-hearted.

Standing by the side of his ship, the gaudiest "Olivette," as she slid out of harbour seaward bound, he was sick with longing for the little green-eyed Circassian charmer.

"I adore her," he wrote that night in his diary, "all passion apart, with a love the purest and tenderest. My love with her will outlast youth, endure into old age and death."

Only a few months later, however, the philandering Loti, his affectionate busy elsewhere, was looking at Hediye with very different eyes.

He received a letter from Hediye Old Aboukhan, she told him, was sick and dying. Desiring to do some-

LA LOUPE (OR A SORT) AND WHAT IT IS SUPPOSED TO TRACK.

Of all the things my long life had to give
Youth was most precious but I had to live
Through childhood and middle life, grow old;
So youth had, for the future, to rain gold.
Gold? Never! Money! Money in its form
Means a life machine, a routine scheme.
Money you must have, and that you win
And why? To spend. You get the money in,
And pass it out for things you buy on time
To make your life worthwhile, when you retire.
Youth was spent to gain your wealth — and then
Like all the other makes, dragging men,
You actively spend. Future. And why?
So that you too may have the time to die
And who does this poor creature live to see a
hundred years?
He was unfortunately paid, could not retire — but
spare your heart!

— FRANK.

thing for her, he had arranged for her to marry a rich young aristocrat of her named Ganan.

"But I do not love Ganan," wailed Madge. "I love Loh. It is you I want to marry." She pleaded with him to send her money, so she could come to France and they could be married.

But marriage, as yet, was a hard Pierre Loti was not prepared to enter. He replied with pages of good advice—all very sensible, but not what the young, love-sick dove girl wanted to hear.

"You must marry this Ganan at once," he told her. "He is rich, and he loves you; with him you will be happy. Forget Loh, who brings unpleasantness to everybody who comes in contact with him."

In 1881 the French Fleet spent some time in Japanese waters, anchoring Loti to sample the life and customs

of the people who were to appear in his next book, the famous "Madame Chrysanthemum."

For a few months, in Nagasaki, he took as his readers "a little yellow-skinned woman with black hair and soft eyes." Not much bigger than a doll, her name was Oshichiyo, and she became the heroine of the book. Like all the others, she was weak but a frequent martyr. He broke with her in the usual manner.

"Well, little woman," he said, "let us part good friends—one last kiss even, if you like. I took you to amuse me. You have not perhaps succeeded very well, but, after all, you have done what you could. You have been pleasant enough in your Japanese way."

Madame Chrysanthemum was to be the last of Loti's loves before his marriage. Now 23, and finding that "the worse in every part and by

recounting each other strongly," he decided on his return to France to marry Jeanne de Pezanne. A Bordeaux girl, she was to bear him a son, Bernard. Oshichiyo, however, this is known of her.

One of the best of the modern bestsellers, and a master of literary style, Pierre Loti was to continue his subject of romantic forms right up to his death in 1917. "The Island of Paganism," his finest book, "has long ago passed into the literature of the world."

After his return from Japan, Lieutenant Vialat was mostly engaged in port duties around the coast. In 1881 he was elected to membership of the French Academy, the highest honor open to the French men of letters, but his naval work underwent no change.

It was 1885 before he was made a captain, and five years after that be-

fore he was given a command of his importance, the post of "Vice-Admiral." Having reached the age limit, he retired in 1912, after 45 years' service.

During the first World War he was mobilized again, and served as a captain on the staff of the Governor of Paris. In 1918 he carried out "a mission of some importance on the Italian front."

Whatever it was, it was sufficiently arduous at his time of life to affect his health. He had to return home on sick leave to be convalesced out.

After the war he lived out his life in his mansion at Rochefort, justly honored as one of France's most brilliant writers.

He died on June 10, 1917, "in the presence of his own people, of some old friends, and of his faithful order servants." His tomb in engraved simply "Pierre Loti," a name few Frenchmen are unfamiliar with.



YOUR HANDS TELL ALL ABOUT YOU

JOSEPH D. WASSERUNG



Like the bloodstains on the hands of Lady Macbeth, the marks of your life cannot be erased; they show who and what you are.

SHE was a petite woman, with dark, understanding eyes, and she supported herself and two children quite well by reading palms in a "little gypsy tea room." "How do you do it?" I asked. "How can you learn so much about a person's life and claim to be able to predict something of the future simply by looking at his palms? Honestly now," I persisted, "aren't you perpetrating something of a fraud?"

"I don't think so," she answered. "I just consider myself a better-than-average psychologist. It's not only the palms of the hands that interest

me; the whole hand tells a good deal of a person's life story. The rest can be guessed at or 'predicted'."

"You know, some years ago a doctor stated publicly that 'the hands record what the brain conceals.' I think the truth lies with the average medical man. He could find out a lot more about his patients if he took the time to examine their hands closely."

At first I was stunned by this criticism, but then I realized how true it was. There is so much to be learned just by looking carefully at a person's hands. Anyone can think

of a dozen people whose hands' little lines and discolorations contain a whole life's Odyssey.

For example, there is the young mother whose hands are red and shiny. Why? She has two young children and has been washing dishes almost every day for three years. Her hands are constantly so sappy not to wait. All the natural oils of the skin have been worn away.

Consider the middle-aged man whose fingers are stained by tobacco. Wouldn't it be reasonable to suppose that such a person has mental problems? Who doesn't pick out a typist by the broken fingernail, tremor a trifle slower than the others?

Dr. Edward A. Selverston, a Boston surgeon, has studied the appearance of the nails in various diseases. He has found that the blood supply to a nail must not be interfered with if it is to grow normally. In certain conditions, in which the circulation is poor, the outside surface and the nail fold become thin. The hands may be colder than normal and the skin may be very pale or show a bluish tint.

In extremely nervous patients whose hands become cold and numb on the slightest provocation, similar changes may take place. Surgical removal of part of a sympathetic nerve improves the circulation and releases the intense nervousness, and the nail grows back normally.

In some cases of hardening of the arteries the blood supply to the nails is even more seriously obstructed, and they will grow distorted and thickened. If the blood supply can be improved by either medicines or surgery, normal growth is resumed.

With all the interest in portents and ACNE for the treatment of arthritis, more people are looking at their hands for signs of arthritis. What people may not realize is that two types of arthritis strike the

hands, and that only one responds favorably to the new medicines.

In one type, called *hyperostrophic*, the swelling occurs in the long outgrowths at the joint of the finger closest to the tip. This is due to "wear and tear" and comes on as one gets older.

In the other type, called *deformans* or rheumatoid arthritis, the swellings in the middle joints of the fingers make them somewhat rounded or spindle-shaped. The new medicines often relieve this type of arthritis.

The patient's hands tell the doctor other things. Their motions are uncoordinated. Consider the nervous trembling of an excited person making his first visit to a doctor's office. He just cannot keep his hands still, though his feet may not betray the nervousness. Consider the chronic clenching which hands reveal by their tracing that he takes right or too "close" a day.

Graphologists (handwriting experts) seem to be of two types. There are those who have made an intensive study of the manner and whose testimony in court is valuable for their ability to identify signatures.

Others have made of graphology a fortune-telling racket. They not only try to identify handwriting and determine the writer's personality, they go further and try to herald the future from handwriting. These fortune-tellers should not be confused with real handwriting experts.

Not long ago Dr. E. J. Scheinman, of the United States, attempted to compare handwriting and personality. In his article in the "Journal of Nervous and Mental Diseases," he states, first of all, that "personality cannot be judged accurately by any single method."

He found, however, that very few doctors had attempted to correlate the shape and features of a person's hand with his writing. His study re-

Heads are evergreen, so perhaps we may be forgiven for misapprehending this semi-scholarly's definition of anatomy. "Anatomy," he writes, "is the human body, which consists of three parts, the head, the chest and the stomach. The head contains the eyes and brain, if any. The chest contains the lungs and a piece of liver. The stomach is devoted to the bowels, of which there are five, a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes y and w."

while that some correlation does exist, though it is not always accurate.

In an extreme case—for example, in mental disease—the structure and posture of the hand may be strange. The structure of the hand and the handwriting may be abnormal. People whose personality seems "constricted" appear to have cramped handwriting.

On the other hand, when writing is unusually "relaxed" the patient may be lacking in mental control—such an extent that his emotions carry him away. Dr. Scheinmann noted that a majority of the patients whose handwriting was extremely constricted also had cramped and stiff hands.

"Stiff fingers," he states, "are indicative of a reserved, more or less inhibited nature, or a nonadaptable personality who is usually very conservative and stubborn." On the other hand, "flexible fingers indicate a co-operative, helpful and adaptable person." Using these facts, a person who has made a detailed study of hands and handwriting can often make

shrewd and accurate inferences about a person's habits and personality.

It is possible to find out a good deal about a person's occupation by the scars and bumps on the hands and fingers.

Doctors who frequently perform, or "bump, polenta" checks for signs of disease often have a thickening at the tip of the left middle finger, the finger that they constantly stroke in quiet contemplation. Orthopedic surgeons who put on plaster casts cannot avoid getting some whitish plaster under their nails. The general surgeon often gets powder from his rubber gloves under his nails and some of it remains even when he has washed his hands as thoroughly as he can. It is not only the laborer or the tradesman whose hands disclose his job, but the professional worker as well. Musicians have their telltale identification marks. The trumpet player has a callous on his right middle finger, the French horn player on his left thumb and little finger, the drummer has a callous on the inner side of his left ring finger, about half-way up, at the point where he rests his drumstick.

Dr. Francesco Randone, a skin specialist in Providence, Rhode Island, has made a special study of the marks on hands. The matter of callouses is particularly intriguing. Stonecutters, who carve monumental, hold the chisel in a way that leaves a peculiar callous at the base of the little finger. Janitors, who sweep a broom with their palms and thumbs, have callouses on both hands.

Landscaper gardeners get callouses on the knuckle of the left hand while they work with the right. In some trades where gloves are used, a large and heavy callous develops in the center of the right palm. Thus it is often possible to identify a person's occupation or trade by the character-

istic bumps or breaks that are on his hands.

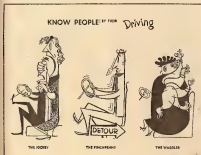
The hand is a reflection of the mind and body. Under normal circumstances, the manual skills and language functions are controlled mainly by one side of the brain, the other side functioning only in a rudimentary manner. In right-handed people the left side of the brain is dominant, and in left-handed people the right half of the brain is the leader. If the left side of the brain is damaged, the right side is paralyzed. This dominance of one side appears early in life.

For reasons still unknown, women are less likely to be left-handed than men. Surveys on the subject are not wholly reliable, but the best figures show that 88 per cent. of men and 85 per cent. of women are right-

handed. Girls begin to show hand dominance earlier than boys in generally defective children and in criminals and prisoners, left-handedness is slightly commoner than in the population at large.

Our hands tell people who we are and what we are, if they are only wise enough to look for the telltale signs. Take the blood signs on Lady Macbeth's hands, the marks of our life cannot readily be erased or washed off.

How different is the person whose hands shake as words and heavily frock him who presents you with a cold and second hand. How different is the man who "talks with his hands" from him who always keeps his folded in his lap. The marks, the staves, the brushes and the motions of our hands tell the story of a lifetime.



THE END OF Arguments



How did the name "Uncle Sam" originate?

Because of creating the expression belong to a certain Samuel Wilson of Troy, New York, known among his friends as "Uncle Sam." In the war of 1812, he was appointed a meat inspector for the army. The goods that passed through his hands were stamped "U.S." His friends saw the letters and began joking about "Uncle Sam's Best." From there the words spread through the army and later the nation.

How old are strikers?

Workmen in Egypt were digging tombs at least 2,000 years ago, according to the latest archaeological research. At about the time of the signs of Troy, workmen excavated and decorated the tomb of Ramesses III in Luxor's "Valley of the Kings" went on strike because of dissatisfactions over their pay and returned in one year they left their jobs on five different occasions. Each time, apparently, they won the concessions they sought. Evidence of the strikes has been found on a fragment of primitive pottery in a Berlin museum and an undisturbed progress currently is a museum in Turin, Italy.

Who started pygmyhood racing?

Africa we must go back to ancient Egyptians. These boys were racing their more than 2,000 years before anyone thought of pitting them against each other. The dogs were Saluki, one of the oldest known

breeds. They were so fast that in their spin time they were said to run down grasshoppers. In the race, a wild hare was turned loose and the dogs went chasing after it across the desert.

What's the heaviest fight on record?

Before modern rules in boxing, the old-time bare knuckle encounters were rather wild affairs. The heaviest, but not necessarily the bloodiest or bloodiest, was a series between Jack Burke and Andy Bowen in New Orleans on April 5, 1895. These two slugged it out for 129 rounds, an overall time of seven hours and 36 minutes.

How large is the Swiss fleet?

No, this is not a truck, but a boat on which you can safely wager the next money. With nine new ships now under construction, by the middle of 1933 the Swiss fleet—speaking fleet, that is—with number 34 vessels. To-day the fleet consists of 35 vessels, totaling about 120,000 tons and heavily engaged in export and import work. They are all registered at Basel, but their home ports are either Arzew, Rotterdam, Hamburg or Genoa. The crews are volunteers, including a few Swiss. Small, landlocked Switzerland first acquired an ocean-going merchant fleet during World War II. The object was to ensure food supplies. Vessels manufactured in various ports by the war were bought up and sent to sea under the Swiss flag.

Las Vegas Lasses



Shopping off in Las Vegas, Nevada, where our picture came upon these bathing beauties of the metropolitan pool of the Transamerica Hotel. Preparing to take a quick swimmer drive into the pool is Adele Mann, a 22-year-old Hollywood starlet with more than 50 films to her credit. The mischievous lass just enjoying plunge in Moon River, one of the movie capital's most sought after models.

HOW to SHRINK a HEAD

The Jibaro Indians lay off
your head and shrink it
to the size of an orange.

ARTHUR EVERETT SCOTT



ONE of the most gruesome and widespread practices ever evolved by the human race is the logging off and preservation of human heads. It is still widespread to-day in many parts of the world.

Any explorer returning from a joint war-crocodile arena, brings with him tales of those preserved heads hanging from simple bleached skulls hanging from the elaborately preserved skeletons to the elaborately preserved skeletons and heads—no longer than an orange and heads—no longer than an orange and heads—that are the prize art of such tribes as the mysterious Jibaro Indians, who live in the Amazon Basin.

Head-hunting is as old as man himself. David, the great slayer of the giant Goliath, cut off his vanquished foe's head and brought it back with him as a trophy. These, the great battlefields of Mesopotamia, destroyed Baghdad and built a pyramid of 10,000 skulls on the ruins.

The ancient Egyptians were head-hunters, and used their trophies as talismans. Head-hunting was practiced by the primitive Celts of France, Spain and Ireland.

On the south-west coast of New Guinea, the Mura tribe use a bamboo knife to belated their victims. The

head is severed over a fire, and the burnt hair and flesh are removed to the accompaniment of ecstatic dancing by the young girls of the tribe.

Northern Mexico teems with head-hunters, including the infamous Dyaks and Potosinos. The Dyaks keep their trophies in separate houses which also serve as hachcha quarters—or as the porch of the large community house.

The Dyaks, like many other head-hunting tribes, believe that the spirits of their victims must be appeased. So, besides the skulls are hung skewers of pork, so that the skulls may eat. The skulls are given break—a point one was to drink through short bamboo tubes.

On Sumatra, Bushi boys of six and seven "practice" head-hunting, dispiriting straw men with wooden knives. When they grow older, they cannot marry until they have taken at least one head. For each new-born child, a fresh head must be obtained, to be used in the christening.

On the Philippines, the Kalagians, after a successful head-hunting expedition, drink a mixture of beer—a strong alcoholic drink made from sugar cane—and blood from the freshly severed skulls.

These skulls are used later by the old women in fertility rites; men, for example, who are sterile or lack in virility are "blessed" with the skulls. The lower portions are used as tam-tam handles.

Perhaps the most artistic preparation of captured heads is done by the Jibaro of South America. Pictures of these tiny, shrunken heads are familiar to everyone. Here is how it's done.

Immediately after the victim is killed, the entire skin—of the neck, face and body—is peeled off the flaying knife drawn and worked loose and spread, slowly and carefully

Next the skull and flesh adhering to it are thrown away. The loose, scaly skin is immersed in a pot of boiling water for a few minutes. Removed from the water, the neck opening is pinned over a hollow ring, formed from a bit of flexible vine shaped and bent into a circle.

Through the opening in this ring, small round stones that have been heated in the fire are inserted into the skull-neck, where they are rolled about rapidly enough to prevent burning of the delicate skin. This causes the skin to shrink.

After shrinkage has progressed somewhat, hot sand is substituted for the stones, the head being constantly rolled about so that the sand will contact all areas and work into all crevices, drying and shrinking them further.

Throughout the shrinking process, the Jibaro constantly movable and kneads the bone skin between his fingers, so that the features are not displaced. These small wooden pins, painted red, are passed through both lips of the face, and the lips are secured shut with fine cotton string, also painted red.

After the shrinkage is complete, the pins and cotton string are removed and these strands of twisted cotton string are substituted, keeping the lips permanently closed.

Last stage of the process is to blacken the shrunken head—now no larger than an orange—overall with charcoal, or paint it red, whichever the individual head-hunter prefers.

These heads are in great demand. It is fortunate that the Jibaro—among the most ruthless and prominent head-hunters on the face of the globe—are seldom encountered by white men, and that they have few active neighbors.

Otherwise we'd see far too much of their gruesome art for our peace of mind.

Crime Capsules



SELLING WALL STREET. . .

A 33-year-old woman and a 73-year-old man have just been convicted in the United States for working a modern version of the old dodge of selling the Brooklyn Bridge. With it, for some years, they have been earning an income of between \$300 and \$600 per week. They approached friends of country folk throughout the Middle West with fake genealogical and land-title documents that purported to prove that the pair were the heirs to the site of Wall Street. Many gullible countrymen bought more to be later repaid a thousandfold, of course, to help push a bill through the New York Legislature to establish a claim.

BATTLING BURGLARS. . .

The workings of the criminal mind are hard to follow. Reported burglaries in the United States lately have included The display of the Boston Municipal Playground, 32 square feet of goods from a house in Grand Rapids, Michigan, a 12-foot pine beam a church at Greensboro, N.C.; a trunk from the Customs Zoo; a 22-stone white lion from a statue factory, the newly-cracked air-raid alarm valued at \$60 dollars of Louisville, Ohio, 26 bouquets of flowers from a farm in California—thrown an open cash register, four lions of lions from a farm in New Jersey, one pre-fabricated house from

a project in Florida; and a neatly wrapped package from the back seat of a car in Maryland. We would like to have seen what happened when the third in the last instance opened the package to examine his loot. Is it were two shimmering, but highly poisonous, copperhead snakes.

INTERPOL. . .

In an unassuming Paris building are the headquarters of the "International Police Commission"—known as Interpol, for short—the Mondial organization devoted to a relentless fight against world-wide criminals. Interpol does not advertise itself; it does not even make arrests. But it is the prime cause of many arrests, in fact it disseminates information about international crooks to its member nations. Its conspicuous files compiled from information supplied by the police forces of the 36 countries contain the photographs, fingerprints, records of every crook 19,000 to date known to have moved out of his own country to fresh pastures. Each day reports come in about known criminals on the move. Interpol transmits the information (and any other detail from its files, such as last associates, methods, known preferences for weapon brands and so on) to the man's supposed destination, through its 15 private wireless stations.



PHOTOGRAPH
BY G. COOGLIES WEBB



A SHOT IN

THE DARK

WHY DID MICK HEBLEY TURN THE GUN ON HIS BELOVED SON AND KILL HIM ALSO?

No one was very surprised when Mick Hebley eventually killed Jack Marmora. But to kill his own son? Neighbors suffered, excited, and shook pointed heads, leaving it to Harry McCracken to sum up the contents of opinion.

"Mike drove him berserk," he declared. "He's been nigger" and tomorrow Mick for nearly twenty years and at last Mick just went completely crazy. I bet he didn't even know he'd shot Kevin until he'd done it."

But he was mistaken in that last remark. Though Mick had killed Marmora in a red haze of fury, he had shot his son in cold deliberation.

However, no one knew that. Throughout the preliminary enquiries and beginning of his trial, Mick sat in unbroken silence. He nobly ignored questions, demands and pleas with the same baffling wordlessness. Even the fearful activities of his sister, who had acted as his housekeeper

since his wife died, started no reply.

"Mick, Mick, say you didn't do it," she implored. "Say it was an accident."

But after his first tearful dramatic statement, "I shot Marmora and Kevin," Hebley remained completely and stubbornly silent.

"That Marmora!" sobbed Edna. "He drove you to it, some him."

Edna was not unreasonable in laying the blame on Marmora. Certainly he could not be held responsible for Hebley's uncontrollable temper; but he had taken a sordid delight in aggravating the fiery little Irishman until he had him hopping in uncontrollable rage.

But Marmora never fought with indiscriminate neighbors. All the challenges he used to toss with laughter and slap his heavy chest.

"Fight you!" had retorted "That wouldn't be a fight—that'd be a massacre. I'd end up in clinic for murder."

MARK FAULSEN • FICTION



**EARTHLIER HAPPY IS THE
ROSE . . .**

She had cheeks all like the
rose,
And her skin was fly-white;
And like the scented garden
She was dewy fresh at night!
She was all the flowers I
worshipped,
No criminal could be sicker,
But I had to look for other
flowers
When I found I couldn't pick
her.

— EX-112.

Miserably Mick realized there was a measure of truth in the famous statement. Mamons was almost a foot taller than he and weighed four stone more; but that didn't deter Mick from taking the challenge.

They had been staring at each other from the first day they met at the boundary of their new sections and Mick had badly accused Mamons of crossing into his land to get the hang of fence-posts that now lay on Mamons' soil.

Mick had raved and sworn, but the big Scot had never raised his voice. He sat his horse in disdain and spat scornful comments at Mick whenever he passed in his trade.

After the first spat of fury abated, Mick made attempts to become friends with Mamons, even inviting him home to meet the pretty young bride of whom he was so handily proud.

He regretted it, however, for a subtle gleam had stolen Mamons' eyes from the moment Kathy Healey shook his hand. With courteous

charm he made conversation with the nervous Kathy, but with deliberate intent he subtly belittled her husband at every possible point.

"That mean husband of a Scot," Mick cursed when Mamons rode away. "He treats me as if I was a child and a half-out at that."

"That Macky," Kathy protested, "I'm sure Mr. Mamons was only trying to be kind I don't know why you glared at him when he said he'd come and show you how to build the overwood and find out which crops your land was most suitable for."

Mick raving on his head and tramping belittlingly down the paddock, Kathy couldn't see that Mamons had no intention of helping him. He'd only made the effort in order to make Kathy think that he, Mick Healey, was a useful idiot who couldn't even run his own farm.

He had been so rudely proved when Kathy, overlooking the fact that he was three inches shorter than she, agreed to marry him. He had severely thought of his weakness again until Mamons subtly mentioned the disparity in their height several times.

"Come him," roared Mick to the shame. "He'll turn Kathy against a . . . and then I'll kill him."

But Mamons had not turned Kathy against Mick. She had shared his bitterness with her adolescence until eighteen months later. Then, in giving him a son, she herself had slipped away from him.

For some time Mick was inconsolable, but gradually he transferred his love to Kathy's son and began to take an interest in normal affairs again.

It was then that Mamons fung the deadliest barb of all. "It's to be hoped you look after your son better than your wife," he taunted. "He too had if he couldn't stick you for more

than a year or so either, Macky."

Mick's usually rosy face went grey at this unprovoked slander, and he rushed at Mamons. The larger man stood motionless, however, as Healey rushed blows on his body, making no attempt to defend himself.

"Mack, no," he derided, "don't think you're going to cut me on to let you. Look first in a law court, wouldn't I, if you ever brought a charge of assault against me, you poor little dweebster?"

Healey's hands dropped to his side, and he stamped bitterly away.

"I'll make you fight yet," he vowed furiously. "I don't fight you if you won't hit back, but by the bywones I'll make you fight yet."

In his resentment Mick chattered to his neighbours and friends, reviling Mamons for his provocation. Some laughed, but generally they sympathized. Nearly all had left the lark of Mamons' raucous tongue at one time or another.

"He seems to have a red set on me," Mick declared one neighbour. "Anybody'd think Mick must've peaked his best girl."

"Pease he da!" retorted another. "Only person I ever see Mac really polite to was Kathy Healey."

Years rolled by and the baby Kathy had left behind grew to woman. Already he was taller than his father and Mick's eyes followed him with proud admiration. "He's like Kathy," he repeated frequently with sad relish. "My, she would have been proud of him."

The day Kevin was seventeen, he and Mick rode proudly round the property. Kevin was a well-built out-door man, and Mick's slight figure looked more diminutive than ever beside him.

Severely, father and son rode their boundaries, until a fox shot out of

the thick grass ahead of them. Instantly Mick jerked free the rifle he carried on his saddle for such emergencies and sped a bullet after the fleeing animal.

He shot missed its mark, and he was about to load again when Mamons, who had ridden up to the boundary fence, smiled a derisive sort of laughter.

"Didn't you ever learn to do anything?" he asked. "Had the damned fox on the end of your rifle and then couldn't hit it? Poor little Macky!" His tone was laden with contempt.

Mick sprang from his horse, ready now swelling up in choking force. "I'm not too little to fight you," he roared. "Come on, get off and fight. Come on you Mack coward. Fight! For once in your life, fight!"

Impetuously, Mamons leaped up his saddle. "Fight a shrimp like you," he derided. "Mack no! When I fight I'll fight a man."

Mick flashed in bolder rage, but with a challenge in his eye, Kevin too slipped to the ground.

"Glad," he commented, spying Mamons angrily. "Fight me I'm big enough for you, aren't I?"

For a moment Mamons gaped to surprise, then a better gleam of sheer devilment sharpened every feature of his face.

"Now, you've big enough," he sneaked, and his eyes deliberately roved over the pair, emphasizing the fact that Kevin was so much larger than Mick.

"Now," he agreed again. "You're big enough. You're just my style, but . . . I won't fight my own son!"

It was then that Mick shot him, and turning to Kevin, who stood up in stupefied silence, calmly re-loaded and deliberately pulled the trigger once more.

BENNY ON THE RUN

DENIS O'DAY • FICTION

WHEN Benny Slater went over the hill, he was just one of a score of army deserters dodging the Provost between Vienna and Trieste. But Benny wasn't yellow. His sole motive in skipping the army was to carve himself a nice slice of cheese from the Blackmarket racketeers fattening off every Italy.

My job was to get Benny. I remember that after the Armistice Benny reckoned the best would be turned off, leaving only the Communists to contend with. But Intelligence didn't let up just because the big shooting match had been called off. That's why I stayed on in Italy.

HE DID NOT KNOW LISA UNDERSTOOD ENGLISH
AND THE MEANING OF THE DOUBLE CROSS

Our friends listed Slater as a tough hound who had done time for armed assault plus other petty crimes before the war began blasted across the world. He was about as tough as they come—six feet three, wide across the shoulders, arms tapered, and dangerous.

I must have tracked Benny over most of northern Italy before I got a break. I was in Milan, watching that he didn't make a break for France on the Orient Express, when a hint came at last. One morning, a hint with a running nose grabbed my sleeve as I left the hotel and thrust a crumby envelope under my eyes.

"For you, amico," he hissed, glancing covertly up and down the street.

The message read: "Pietro, Milan—room 34 Via Alberti, Genoa." That was all—just the numbered address. I slipped the kid a 20-lire note and screamed off for that white town on the blue Mediterranean in a hail of a hurry.

The Via Alberti turned out to be a shabby old-deer. I knocked on the door of a number 34, and a ferret-faced Italian with black, graying hair swung it wide.

He was expecting me all right. "Come in," he said, and quickly closed the door. After I flashed my



FAMOUS literary figure, Edward Gurnett, was the prevaricator of the first type. When the curtain fell at the first night of the play, "The Cherry Orchard," he expressed his appreciation with much slapping and stamping of feet. A little man at his side did not join in. "Why don't you applaud, sir?" Gurnett raved. The answer was drowned by his further stamping and shouting of "Bravo! Bravo!" At last the commotion died down and only Gurnett was left, still stamping his feet and expressing his voracious appreciation. Again he turned to his neighbor. "That was a great play, sir. Why didn't you applaud?" The little man piped up, "Because, sir, you were stamping on my hat."

and, he eagerly got down to business. But not before he took a small bottle of vermouth from a cupboard and brought it to the table.

The vermouth was like golden silk. Petre rolled his empty glass to his fingers. "You took the big English?" I nodded. "Right."

"Italy is a big place," Petre said, slowly.

"Can you lead me to the English?" I asked directly.

Petre stood up and glared out the window. "Amico, it was my brother that your English shot in Verona."

I shivered. "And now?"

He turned, spreading his hands helplessly. "I wish I knew where he hides. But I do know he has a mistress."

"A dame? Where?" I said, watching his face. "Here, in Genoa."

Petre tilted the bottle over my glass. "No, not here, down in the south, in Rome."

"And where do I contact the dame of Rome?"

Petre nodded. "It should be easy. She is a dancer in a floor show on the Via dell'Impero."

He gestured expressively with his hands. "Like this."

"Belle figure," I suspected.

He nodded, then gave a cunning smile. "She is the big English's girl."

Well, that was that. Find the girl and the rest should be easy. I might be hammy as a wet footpath, but I'd handled money-struck dames before.

Petre followed me to the door. "Petre means is Lena," he said. "Thoma fortune, and good hunting."

The Via dell'Impero is a bustling rubble of humanity that cuts a long swathe through the heart of Rome. I loved the Gale Azim, that Petre had described, but that was all. No Lena.

Here, the proprietor was fat and balding. Drywashing his hands, he shrugged helplessly and said: "No, signore, she has gone. Left me alone."

Blinking in the sunlit Via dell'Impero, I cursed softly and headed a cruising cab. To hell with Benny and his dame. What I needed was a long cold drink and that meant Radici Gurnett's place was on the Via Nazionale.

Radici serves shilled English beer that brings nostalgic memories of home. He fixed me a table under the palm by the window, with a frosty quart of ice-cold beer. I lit a cigarette and took a slow look around.

It was the usual crowd—selective, smartly dressed dolls spring the sprinks of occupation types: a couple of weatherbeaten Italian soldiers; a fat woman with glowering hoops on her polka fingers, and more at hand, a flabby dressed pair of Italianes sitting around a bottle of Chinese Soma.

The number was had a angry, bristled face split by an angry white scar spanning from ear to chin. Number two was pretty faced and mean-looking, with daring, snake-like eyes. I knew the types—small-time cigarette-peddling snake adding at the fringe of the bigger racket and waiting for a leg-up to the big-time stuff.

Pesty-Pace was rolling a cigar around his mouth and drumming fingertips on the table. I swallowed as I heard the whispered name—Lena! I alerted my ears. Suddenly winked.

I squatted out the cigarette and slid out to the street. Arresting soldiers was not in my book, it was a job for their own police. I spied the shiny black leggings of a Carabinieri half-way down the block, hurried up and faded my intelligence card.

Before you could say "bada," the two swaggering punks were bawled in a speeding cab, destination police HQ, where a yellow capstan soon turned the hand on the new revolving post.

"Where is the big English's hide-out?" I snapped.

Their faces froze as "Answer!" the captain ordered roughly.

Scowling stared at his hat. "Gone. Know where he hides," he mumbled surlily.

"Well," I said, what about the

dame, his girl friend, Lena?" Pesty-Pace licked his lips. "She lives now at number five in the Via Veneto, north in Florence."

In Florence, I noted the address, and I found Lena. I passed the banner of the apartment and there she was—Benny's dame, dark, raven-black hair, ice-green eyes, a full, sensual mouth, and a figure like a Hollywood movie queen.

She was dressed in a misty negligee that clung closely about her hips. "Yes?"

I flashed the dog-eared card again. "You had better come in."

She went to a little glass-topped table, lifted a silver cigarette box and came to where I stood grinning just inside the door. "You are after Benny Sister?"

"That's the story, I guess." Lena bent over the flame of my lighter.

"I hate him," she said. She walked to the door, smoothed her black hair, then wheeled to face me. Her green eyes glinted harshly. "We have got himself a new girl. Benny promised to marry me and take me out of Italy, and then a fool I swallowed it all."

She looked at me fully with those strange green eyes and a little driver ran up my spine. "You can trust me," she said and I believed her. You can always trust a doll who has been treated to the old double-cross.

She lit another cigarette and puffed nervously. "Listen. To-night a truck load of cigarettes leaves Florence for Bologna. Benny is going along because it is a new contract and he likes to see how deals get off to a smooth start."

"And where I come in?" I said. "The truck is loaded and waiting in an unmarked garage over the Arno," she said. "You could hide among the load and then take Sister in

when he is making the deal in Bologna?"

I smiled at over. "Why not pick him up here in Florence?"

"No," the girl said, quickly. "Our friend Benny is slippery. You've got to get him making the deal. Up in Bologna you can rope in a few of his friends as well and catch yourself a big medal."

Lena looked pleased when I said I would do it. She took a bottle from the sidewalk. "Help yourself," she said. "I'll get changed."

We crossed the Nord Veechie over the muddy Arno and turned onto the western of well-surfaced lanes that made up the south side. The garage had a maddening, deserted look, and the steel roll doors were tightly closed. But Lena guided me down a narrow lane and pointed out the small side door. She fumbled in her purse and produced a little brass

key. "Here," she said, "this will let you in."

I hesitated, and she grabbed my arm. "You have a gun?" I felt the 38 in the shoulder holster and nodded. She held out a tiny, gloved hand. "Well, hello, Mr. Peabodyman, this will be Benny's last deal."

I turned the key, swung the door, and stepped in to the garage. My eyes picked out a hot red Fiat diesel truck, hitched to a four-wheeled trailer. Both truck and trailer carried loads under tarpaulins.

The tarpaulin over the Fiat's load was stretched tight in the skin of a drum, but near the tailboard of the trailer I found a loose corner in the cover, opened beneath and worked myself between square crates swilling of cheese and sweet saffron figs. I crunched the cigarette cases would be cunningly built into the crevice of the load.

I must have cut a pretty deep, for a only second vibrator until the steel doors screeched thinly and the indistinct warbler of voices came in to the garage. Heads tapped at the tarpaulin ropes, then the cat doors slammed, the motor splattered, headlights and search, then settled to a steady purr. I felt the tender smooch at the knuckle-pin, then we were out on the road, rolling for Bologna.

I lay in the cramped space listening to the monotonous plink, plink, plink, down the vertical exhaust stack, and praying I hadn't broken off more than one guy could chew.

We were pounding up Route 9, through lonely marshland country when suddenly the air broke kind warmingly. The brakes bit hard. The big craft lay very and swayed to a halt with the motor growling in protest. A moment later the tar-

gaulin was wrenched back and a flashlight gleamed into my startled eyes. In the moonlight I saw a Lager pistol held in a huge, steady fist and heard a rasping, English voice. "All right, Copper, come out and be introduced."

Fisting mine, I wriggled out and dropped to the road. "Frank here, Tom," ordered the rasping voice.

A big Italian gendarme who must have been the driver beelined girdle down my neck as he tilted my 38 from the shoulder holster.

"So you're Hinton?" I said.

I could see the glimmering eyes squinting. Hinton was one of the big men I have seen. The moonlight showed me the battered, well torn, and my mouth felt dry as I watched the unwavering Lager.

The Lager tilted forwardly. "Copper, you've been sitting on my tail too long. When we roll away



**THERE'S AN EXPLANATION
TO THE REMORSE THAT
FOLLOWS HIM.**

You may quit a quart and
the general laughter
And smoky polity of some
small den,
Keep up the pace contemptuous
As the hour fly,
Holding your eyes in the
fierce world of men,
And hear with ruffled ears
the jostle and beating
That comes to drink — the
hours will fly — and then
Remorse will follow on the
morning after
Because the pubs don't open
until five.

north you will be staying here in
the marsh with two slow seas in
the belly."

I had to stall for time. "Sister,"
I said, "who tapped you off?"

He grinned lasciviously and jerked
his head at someone stepping from
the cab. "Her," he murmured, and
then I saw Lena regarding me with
a cold, frozen smile.

I looked from Sister to the girl
and back again. Sister came again.
"She don't savvy our lingo, neither,
so I'll give you the story straight."

He peered up and down the de-
serted highway, then went on, talking
quickly in English. "What she don't
understand is that we're all washed
up. She gave me the tip off hoping
to get back on my side."

Sister laughed again. "The both
of you know too much." He patted
the ugly lighter. "I've got one in
here for her, too. That's why I
bidded her to come along." He
crowded sideways at Lena. "She
thinks we are sitting up again in

Bolinas, but this is the end of the
line for her, too."

Somewhere down my eyes to Lena.
Fascinated, I saw her hand dash to
her purse and heard the sharp click
of her unknown breath as the hand
scraped clanking a strange, single-
shot .32. "So the Italian God does
not spare the Inglesse words," she
spat and the .32 cracked like a toy
whip.

Sister took the plug right between
the eyes, fast as he whisked at Lena
and pummed twice on the lighter. He
went down, clanked at the bitumen
with jerking fingers, then lay still.

As the truck driver jerked to life
I caught him behind the ear with a
swing that started down toward China
and carried all my 14 rime. His
head crunched on the Fiat's fender
and he lay like a log.

Then I bent over Lena and saw
the blood pumping through the front
of her dress. "Don't talk," I said.
"I'll get you in the cab and head
back to the hospital."

She closed her eyes and slowly
shook her head. Then her eyes flut-
tered again and her voice came in
a rasping whisper. "I loved him but
I have loved a little fool. Before
she was I work for the Inglesse family
at Capri. Benny did not know I-I
understand the Inglesse conversation."

In three minutes she was dead. I
unlatched the trailer and somehow
got the big Fiat turned around and
headed back to Florence, trying to
keep from looking at the two still
frozen huddled sleepily on the
other side of the cab. I had turned
the driver loose. I reckon he got
a bit enough fright to keep him off
the scene of any black-market dough
for ever.

So that's the story of Benny Sister.
If it has a moral, I guess it is never
to pull a fast one on a lady in any
language under the sun.



"No, no! We don't want any (b-e-i) h-o-m-e insurance!"

Tan Without Tears by

"RAY-OF-SUNSHINE" GIBSON.



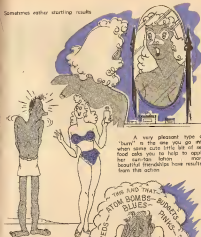
greater the area of skin surface exposed the better - much better



The results of over exposure to the sun can be very painful it also provides the office wise guy and certain cartoonists much material for mirth

One should also be taken to see that women burning does not occur - this can have embarrassing end

Sometimes rather startling results



A very pleasant type of "burn" is the one you go into when some cute little bit of sea food asks you to help to apply her sun-tan lotion - many beautiful friendships have resulted from this action

Well with things of they are and all things being equal most of a head if no difficulty start to go into that well known "slow burn" that results in us being thoroughly browned off in the end



STRANGER and Stranger



LIZARD LOVE . . .

There are more than 200 varieties of lizards in the world, exhibiting a bewildering array of different physical characteristics. Some are born alive, others are hatched from hard-shelled or soft-shelled eggs. Some have two, some four and others no legs at all. They may feed on insects or plants and live either on land or in the water. Some can move each eye independently, though the color of their skin at will and take a short glide through the air if they feel inclined. A few species are edible, and it is reported that only two are venomous—the Gila monster and the hooded lizard of Mexico.

PUFFY LOVE . . .

Four cases heard before the German war-crimes courts were as shocking as that in which a woman described the training that was necessary to become a member of one of Hitler's youth organizations. Each girl at the beginning of the course was given a puppy as a companion. Six weeks later, when she had grown to love her cuddly little chum, she was ordered to cut its throat with her own hands. All obeyed through tears. They were then considered fit for active duty, having passed the "breaking course," as it was bluntly called by the Nazis.

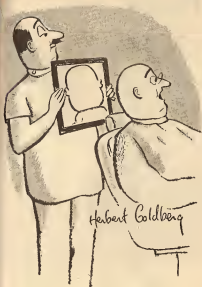
GLAND GRAFTS . . .

Dr. Harry Green, of Chicago University has reported success in trans-

planting glands into humans in much the same way as Dr. Veresoff's abortive attempts of 20 years ago. He has been able to graft adrenal-gland tissue into another. However, whereas Dr. Veresoff used glands from adult apes, Dr. Green is using glands taken from human fetuses, whose mothers have been medically aborted. The fetuses must be less than five months old. When gland tissue older than that is used, Dr. Green finds, the patient's body rejects it as a foreign substance. It is believed that such operations may one day become useful for treating a number of hereditary diseases, such as diabetes and abnormalities of growth.

MARCH OF SCIENCE . . .

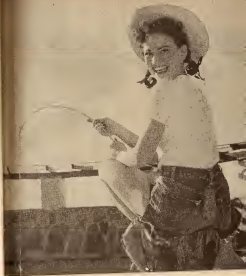
Some scientists in their quest for knowledge and discovery seem to let their enthusiasm run away with their good sense. Thus far reported in the Press around the world long and painstaking research has lately disclosed that the average growing cow takes 40 days a minute, chews her cud seven hours out of the day and lies down 14, that the generally accepted figure of one and a fifth billion years for the earth's age is incorrect and should be three billion years—or even four billion; that the chances of finding a good match in a discarded matchbox is one in 25,000.



"O.K."

FISHIN' GAL

Out for a day's fishing in kimsling gets specially designed for the better exhibition of a pair of legs adjudged to compete "the greatest to perfect legs in California" in TV actress Yvonne Douglas. We don't know what she's fishing for and don't hold out much hope of her catching any fish, but if she wants to catch some adoring male glances, she's certainly using the right bait.



Anyway, Yvonne's very helpful as she designs her fish, so why should we carp. As a matter of fact, we're not interested in Yvonne's catch at all; we're only interested in Yvonne. She can even be our catch of the season—of any season. That's what she's going to get a bite up there, but we don't think the fish are so keen about getting on her hook as we—or you—would be.



No-hum, here you see the dejectionment that comes to so many hapless anglers. Seemingly the fish won't bite. Yvonne does the next best thing and takes a bite herself—on the apple. Then she catches the tail of the one that got-away for her child when she gets home. Half French and half Italian, Yvonne made a successful career for herself in show business as a model and a dancer before graduating to TV.



MORE SALT . . .

In summer many people suffer from heat exhaustion, the most frequent cause of which is a deficiency of salt. For normal functioning, the body has to contain a certain amount of salt. In hot weather many people lose too much of that amount through sweating. Consequently they suffer that "all-pore feeling"—with lassitude, and lack of energy and appetite. The greater the salt depletion, the worse the symptoms, perhaps stomach cramps or heat stroke. The remedy is to enrich your salt supply. Drink some lightly salted water or eat more naturally salty food than you usually do. You can even take a daily pinch of salt on your tongue. **FALLING HAIR . . .**

A prevalent form of hair-loss is alopecia areata, in which the hair on the scalp falls out in patches. Although in many cases, in various periods of time, the hair grows back there is no certain cure. Scientists at the University of Chicago, however, have been experimenting with cortisone, the adrenal gland hormone, and obtaining encouraging results. Seventy-five per cent. of patients tested reported some regrowth of hair, but not until the treatment had been continued for at least four weeks.

POKE FEMLES . .

Tetanus is an unpleasant and painful disease sometimes fatal that

can follow eating raw or undercooked pork. It is caused by a species of worm, which burrows into the muscles and infects them with toxic products. Generally they are destroyed by cooking. When not, they can cause fever and extreme muscular pain for a considerable period—until the body's resistance kills them. Lately, doctors at Waltham Hospital in Massachusetts have been effecting dramatic cures with ACTH, the pituitary gland hormone.

ARTIFICIAL KIDNEYS . . .

One of the newest types of medical apparatus developed in the United States is an artificial kidney. More than a dozen are now in use in various hospitals there. The purpose is to remove from the blood poisonous wastes such as urea. In the real kidneys, these are filtered out as they pass through the thin walls of thousands of tiny tubules. When the kidneys are not doing their job, the urea remains in the blood. Uremia poisoning and often death results. The artificial kidney is a complicated arrangement of tubular cylinders for the purpose of removing these wastes. Blood is drawn from an artery in the arm and passed through the tubing and back into the body at the vein of about 12 quarts an hour. A complete cleansing of the blood supply takes about six hours, without any discomfort to the patient.

In 19th century England halibutmen young bloods liked to break heads in wild and willing skull-whacking duels.



SYDNEY GEORGE SMART

WHEN STICKS WERE TRUMPS

"Delaware, the finished cudgeller, will exhibit his uncommon feats with the single stick, and who challenges any man in the kingdom to enter the lists with him for a broken head or a belly fall."

That was a common English challenge a couple of centuries ago. The pugging game, which had been in the discard for more than a thousand years, was just on the threshold of revival as a bare-knuckled affair, but had not yet made its reappearance.

After centuries of perry, punch and blood-letting, the Muscovites, by common consent, influenced strongly by royal decree, had turned their cold steel rapers and daggers into the unused corner of the clothes closet. That was when the sturdy, country

crises came into his own as the ruler of what in those days was known as sport.

He initiated the attacking, defensive and reserve movements of the boxer, but, instead of the bristled steel, he used the less deadly wood. The weapon was "about a yard in length and as thick as a country fellow's finger."

Our confident challenger, Master Delaware, no doubt had plenty of takers in the matter of his date. The 19th century tough, rural Englishman who couldn't wield a dangerous stick was a good, go-bopper, and no doubt carried heavy scars above the cheek bones or walked about with an inferiorly swollen—or both.

At the time, head-thrashing duels

were packing the customers into the fair grounds in thousands. The skulls, which were compiled usually for a new hat. That was when the phrase "take up the cudgins" forced its way into the English language. Probably the oldest Australian translation is "have a whack."

Once blows delivered below the knee just didn't count in this strenuous stick-swinging posture. Usually the contestants used two rods. There was a short one for parrying and a long one for bashing. It wasn't long before the short protective stick was discarded—probably by popular vote of the spectators. It stood three feet. This wood-walking marathon was euphemistically known as single-sticks.

Naturally enough, the long stick was held in the right hand (the sport-historians make no mention of south-paw cudgellers). In case a stick-fighter might play a natural urge to use his left arm as an emergency—a branch of the rules—that limb was tied down.

The method of scoring differed according to the district in which the bout was taking place. In Gloucestershire it was evidently frowned on the thigh, the arm being at full length; in Wiltshire it appears to have been destined to the belt in such a way that the man could raise his elbow to protect his eyes, but striking lightly, while Donald Walker, in his "Delaware Boxers" (1896), tells us "the left hand grips a handkerchief which is tied loosely around the left thigh, and the elbow is elevated and thrown forward."

The men, when engaged, stood up within striking distance, the legs elevated straight, or nearly so. There was no thrusting or poking or with sword or rapier, but sometimes there was considerable movement of the feet.

The object of an encounter was to "break an opponent's head." The rules didn't call for a compound fracture of the skull—the victor was he who was first to strike his antagonist so that he drew a stream of blood at least as thick as length. Hits on the rest of the body just weren't recognized.

In the first half of the 19th century, there lived in Gloucestershire a sporting gentleman named Robert Dover. He took upon himself the task of organizing, as an order of decorum, the rough country sports of which his hinterland neighbors were so fond. Among those sports, cudgeling and backwording were pre-eminent.

Robert Dover chose for his arena of action a patch of elevated waste ground not far from the village of Weston Underwood, which is even today known as Dover's Hill. He aimed to attract, not only the local cudgelling experts, but the best in the whole of England.

At his annual meeting, held each West Monday, he offered, not only "a new hat with a yellow ribbon round it," but a good fat purse of golden guineas also. The crack cudgellers from the length and breadth of England came to dooves.

Dover's Meeting was a goodly show on those days. It revived a shock in the ill-forgotten Commonwealth period, but when the Merry Monarch, Charles II, came into his own again, its fun and frolic were revived.

"Dover's Meetings" live now in history alone. They were killed by the advent of the railway.

A contemporary journalist wrote: "The railway brought upon the scene all the rough and most disorderly class of the manufacturing towns far away miles around. These people encamped on the ground to the number of over 30,000 during the whole of

Whitman Week is one roaring week.

"The scenes of drunkenness, riot and debauchery were such as to cause a scandal to the whole district. An Act of Parliament had to be invoked to sanction the enclosing of the ground, which put an end to the historic 'Dover's Meetings' once and for ever."

Purton, a village in Wiltshire, also seems to have been an important centre of the art of stick play. A contemporary, William Horne, in his "Everyday Book," gives some idea of their nature.

"A stage is erected on the green, and at five o'clock the sport commences," writes Horne. "A very celebrated personage, who they call their 'campfire,' stands high above the rest to award the prize. Purton produces four champions, and the adjacent villages of Striveke send forth four more. It is to the credit of the name of Purton that for seven successive years their candidates have been returned the victors."

"A notable champion of Purton was Blackford the butcher, who at the most noted single stick players of the day. He did not confine his efforts to the stage at Purton Fair, but carried off prizes at London, Bath, Bristol and Gloucester."

"On one particularly occasion, he succeeded in breaking 14 heads in succession, but in the 15th bout he found his match in one Isaac Bushel, a blacksmith, who could bite a nail under, set a shoulder of mutton with appendages, or fight friend or foe for love or money. It was a saying that Bushel could take enough punishment to kill a dozen men."

Similarly, in these good old times, every small village in the West Country of England, had its annual festive get-together, in which single sticks was the favourite game.

Likely enough, the event was not

such an important one as Dover's Meeting, or even Purton Fair, but it would be famous for miles around.

At Stratton in Worcestershire, the villagers did not keep their prize all to themselves, but invited spectators from far and near to contend for it. And what was this prize for which the lads hazarded one another so valiantly?

It was not a hot punn of golden guineas, as at Dover's Hill, but merely a new hat with a yellow ribbon round it. Nevertheless, many a sturdy cudgeller seems to have a try for the far-famed Stratton Hat.

The Stratton meeting was held on Ascension Day, on an open space at Stratton cross-roads, where at that time there was a comfortable pub. The Strattonites had a well-known head or master of ceremonies, known as the "bully." He was not in any way a village tyrant, but a "big, burly, noisy, row-mouthing fellow as knowed everything." By common consent he assumed direction of the affair.

A famous "bully" was one Perry, who by his loud shouting—heard gladly from hundreds of yards away—called people to the sports. One of his duties was to "cry the belt" for the "wrestling" and "the bat" for the single stick contests, and so he gathered the spectators to the arena.

Thus was his cry: "Oh, an' Oh, an' Oh, an' This is to giv' notice that a 'let' will be played for at Stratton, a gold' lure an', three men on a side, the best two out o' three, and no 'loosey playin' at, no hairy work, blood to run a hatch, no playin' an' 'at'."

The term "loosey playin'" meant playing unfairly for one's own "beat" or advantage, whatever the game might be, and so acting contrary to the rules, which varied in different localities.

There were plenty of ways of being

illegal, such as kicking, striking at the face instead of the head, lifting below the belt, getting the left arm loose, or allowing an opponent to win by a previous agreement with some other person. "Loosey playin'" is that was foul play.

The arrangements at Stratton were of a primitive kind. A ring was formed on the open space by the men, whose wrestling and single stick contests took place. Here the services of the "bully" were again required to position the spectators known as "leading the ring."

We'll join our "bully," Perry, in action on the spot. In response to his previous shouting, a gaily-crowd has collected. To clear the ground, Perry takes off his lumber belt and wields the handle end of it about him in all directions. He quickly forces a space for the combatants.

The ring having been "broken,"

one of the competitors throws his hat into it; another seizes and uses it as "On."

They cut and slash at each other, and try to beat one another to pulp. Their shirts (in any nothing of the skins underneath them) are torn to shreds, but not a wound serious enough to cause the blood to "run a hatch."

That fight is over, and the next pair make their appearance. If the man on the side of the previous victor is successful, the contest is decided; but if it ends with the sides "level-handed," there must be a third bout to end the matter as to who shall carry off the hat.

If you take your sport really rapped, it could be that you have been born a couple of hundred years too late. That was when they really fought at the drop of a hat.

KNOW PEOPLE BY THEIR Gestures



THE FIGHT



THE REACTION



THE TRIUMPH

KING OF THE CAROLINES



JOHN CHILWELL

How an adventuring rogue skipper proclaimed himself an island king and successfully defied the Royal Navy to depose him

WHEN Mr. Mowbray's ship *Lance* hove in off the Pacific island of Shorro, in the Brown, Green, Caroline Islands, towards the end of 1833, and her skipper, Commander P. L. Blake, went ashore in the schooner, a great-looking, long-haired Irishman, a man of color, and with hands around his neck appeared at the head of a "welcome" party of natives.

With an authoritative air he demanded, as "Governor and Captain-General" of the island, to leave Commander Blake's boatmen.

He was Robert, he explained, for Captain Charles H. Hart, a trading skipper who had proclaimed himself

King of the Carolines. His own name was Petrosk German, and he had instructions to repeat introductions by force.

Disavowing the Regent Petrosk with some well-phrased flattery, Commander Blake asked a few questions about the crown-building Hart, who was wanted, it appeared, for questioning regarding certain Pacific Island outrages. In short, the change was made.

Hart was a rogue Englishman who had drifted south as a trading skipper on the seafaring shore of the Pacific.

Hart planted his "flag" boldly in the Carolines and named the "hand-

off" sign. He acted tough with trading "man-jumpers" who put in at the Carolines in hopes of ousting King Charles I.

The whole fantastic adventure began when the cutter *Lambton* (Captain Charles H. Hart—but not yet King) shooed out of Port Jackson, New South Wales, on May 12, 1833, bound for the tropics and all ports north in search of pearls and tortoise-shell.

The *Lambton* duly arrived at Nukie after a seagoing tour of the Carolines, but the natives refused to hand over any tortoise-shell.

Captain Hart sailed on to Nukie, to dispose of the shell he already had, and then returned to work his way home. On the way, however, he was side-tracked near the island of Assension, another of the Carolines.

A leaky English whaler, the *Falcon*, squatted itself in distress, and Hart advised her skipper, Captain John Hargrave, to make for "Metelassan" on nearby Assension, part of his "kingdom."

So, while Captain Hart paid some gracious visits to other nearby islands, the *Falcon* spent five idle weeks at Assension amongst her hospitable native subjects.

The only blot on the peaceable horizon was the arrival of a French coast-guard named *Daurie*, skipper of the schooner *Aves*, from Mauritius.

Daurie wanted supplies and offered to buy the *Falcon*'s stores for a box of tobacco. When Captain Hargrave indignantly refused, *Daurie* sailed away from Metelassan muttering threats.

Anchorings twenty miles away at Kitty Harbour, *Daurie* got in touch with an Assension skiffing named Nanuwah and with bribery made certain proposals to him regarding a possible "business" to the *Falcon*. Satisfied with his savings *Daurie*

then sailed away out of harm's way. As it happened, nature provided the accident without any stage-managing. When Nanuwah began to get irritated, Captain Hargrave decided it was time to move on, but a sudden squall caught the whaler broadside on and drove her on to a reef.

Things looked grim for the *Falcon*, and one night Hargrave had to thank Nanuwah for trying to pull the whaler's leg.

To avenge the death to Nanuwah the islanders next day crept into the white encampment on the fore-dune opposite the reef and clubbed Hargrave and four others to death.

In the midst of all this turmoil, Captain Hart returned. Outside the lagoon he came up with a message in Captain William Hart, skipper of the Yankee schooner *Unity*, who had made for the Kingdom of the Carolines for supplies. Together they made a grand entry into Metelassan.

Nanuwah was preparing to deliver all white men from Assension.

Anchorings the *Lambton* at a point off Nanuwah's bay, King Hart fired several warning shots with his 18-pounder, mounted on a swivel at the bow. When that failed to quell the turmoil he descended the village.

Boat-crews from the *Unity* and the *Lambton* then rowed ashore, raised the beaches and attempted a landing, but were broken back by screaming natives with spears and stones.

Thanks Hart then built a fort on which he installed the 18-pounder from the *Unity*. He created a flag-staff and—with colors flying and two bandmen playing the drum and fife—concocted his "parade" show-words. Native crews landed after popping the native marks with shot. The natives retreated defiantly into the bush.

Led by Yankee Hart the whites

pooned them. The whole narrative on top of a mountain dove seven miles inland, where looked properly from the Palace was observed.

The honour of capturing Nanyueh, "the chief assassin and instigator," fell to a man named James Hall, who found the old cavern adjoined under a tree. "Shoot me," he said plaintively, "I am tired of life. I am hunted by everyone."

On Hall's assurance that King Hart would only to depart him in company with wives, children and other furniture, Nanyueh dove quietly. He was to run his childlike trust in the white man's word, for the two Harts were preparing to celebrate a trial.

Since their arrival at Mindalinda they had taken turns at being "conductors," flying payments and demanding a salute.

It was King Hart's turn to be commander when Nanyueh was brought in. He was duly tried on board the Larchton in spite of Hall's guarantee of a "hardon."

While, like a condemned assassin, he was given every luxury—cigars and nobblers of rum—the court-martial of the Harts pronounced sentence. He was hanged at the yard-arm of the Larchton the next morning.

Having thus dispatched his subjects King Hart graciously thanked his Yerdon ally for his help in quelling the rebellion and sailed up to punish the Nanyueh islanders for refusing him tortoise-shell on his earlier visit.

His appetite for blood already whetted at Ansonman, he showed no mercy at Naitia. Landing on terra, he killed the whole male population.

He then landed the Larchton with the tortoise-shell that was being used for the god Mahanewa, landed Patrick Gorman as "Governor and Captain-General" with three "advisors" and 20 American slaves, and left for

Mindal to dispose of his booty.

In Mindal, Hart had heard of the profits to be made in smuggling opium, and his next trip was the China coast. As a new clown at that game, however, he made mistakes and was picked up at Moma, the Portuguese station south of Hong-Kong.

It was an unfortunate time to be apprehended. News had just leaked through to the Royal Navy commander-in-chief, China waters, of various outrages committed by a trading shipper named Hart in the Caroline. His extradition to the British authorities at Canton was demanded, but on some technicality of Portuguese law the request was refused.

While Rear-Admiral Sir Frederick Maitland, R.N., ready hoisted protests Hart slipped quietly back to the Caroline with Her Majesty's ship, Larchton, in belated payment. That Larchton was later to be always a tip behind the royal cutter, Larchton.

The captain, Commander Blake, found over 20 Europeans scattered through the Caroline, some of them shop clerks, some escaped convicts from New South Wales, and one or two "back-to-nature" men living native style. None of them, however, was the wanted Captain Hart.

Eventually Larchton gave up the pursuit because of lack of provisions and turned wearily back to Canton. She missed searching only one more small group in the southernmost parts of the Caroline, the biggest bit of which was named Strong's Island.

There, in the south of her "kingdom," Charles H. Hart had settled for a last-ditch stand. And there he died, apparently overcome in 1828, at the hands of the islanders.

To-day the remains of the king and his nation are lost. His "Majesty," the Caroline, is under U.S. trusteeship.



"Look, kid, don't you think you're being damned deluged to Hopalong Cassidy?"



Two storeys for a small block

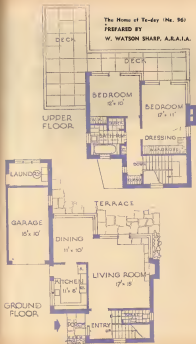
The two storey plan is frequently justified by a small building block, or where there is a view which might be better captured from the upper floor. In many instances, of course, both conditions would prevail. In CAVALCADE's current suggestion, the living room, dining room and kitchen are on the lower floor. These open on to a stone paved terrace from which the view is obtained.

On the upper floor are two bedrooms and a bathroom. Each bedroom has a built-in wardrobe and the bathroom is fitted up in accordance with modern practice.

Both bedrooms open on to a deck which extends across the terrace and forms the roof of the garage and laundry thus providing a large open-air sun-loung which the view can be enjoyed.

The minimum footings required to accommodate this house is 45 feet and the total floor area 1,550 square feet.

The Home of To-day (No. 94)
PREPARED BY
W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.





FATE of a LOVELY WANTON

The finding of a sea-made body on a Long Island beach unfolded the tragedy of a beautiful society good-time girl.

PETER HADGRAVES

HER name was Starr Faithfull. It was a beautiful, almost poetic name, and so Starr herself was beautiful. Young and rich, she drew men to her like a magnet. To her life was heady, intoxicating, exciting, full of strange forbidden pleasures beckoning enticingly.

On the morning of June 4, 1921, her dead body—clothed only in a silk dress—was found floating in shallow water at Long Beach, Long Island, a well-known summer resort just out of New York.

To this day where Starr Faithfull had been, what she had done, or when she had met her death is still unknown. Her fate remains the most baffling and intriguing

American unsolved murder—if it was murder.

The official post-mortem on her body disclosed that she had died by drowning. Her arms, legs and feet were covered with bruises and abrasions which, in the opinion of the medical examiner, suggested that she had been brutally assaulted before death.

In her home was a quantity of sand, as if she had been drowned in shallow water, possibly by someone holding her beneath the surface until she died.

The police had no difficulty in identifying the body. She had been reported missing by her father a few days before.

Starky Faithfull, the father, a retired chemical manufacturer, was notified, and he firmly identified the remains. He told the police his daughter was 28 years old and a graduate of an exclusive Boston finishing school. It had not been necessary for her to work. She spent her time in social life, and had travelled extensively.

The question was how had Starr Faithfull met her death. The police were convinced she had been murdered, but some of the newspapers, delving into her past and background, produced a theory of suicide.

They discovered that the girl had an almost neurotic interest in jewels and the sea. She hoarded the shells and ships beached there.

On May 23, just a few days before her body was found, Starr Faithfull went aboard the liner *Frederonia*. This time, however, there was another woman besides her wanderlust.

The ship's surgeon was a handsome young Englishman named Dr. George Jesson-Care, whom she had met on one of her own trips overseas. She was usually in love with him, a feeling which he did not reciprocate. Instead, her wild attentions were a constant embarrassment to him.

On this day, to make matters worse, Starr Faithfull was drunk, "volubly and hysterically drunk." Jesson-Care ordered her away from his cabin and believed that she left the ship.

But instead she went up to the bar. She was discovered still there when the *Frederonia* had cleared the harbor. After a noisy scene which became the talk of the ship and the highlight of an otherwise uneventful voyage, she was eventually put ashore in a tugboat.

On June 1, the day after Starr Faithfull disappeared and the day on which the medical examiner said she died, two other great liners left New

York for Europe, the *Mauretania* and the *De France*.

Starr Faithfull was definitely seen aboard the *Mauretania*, and just as definitely was accounted for by ship's officers before she sailed. There was also evidence that she boarded the *De France*, but in that case, no one could be found who had seen her leave.

Ships leaving New York for Europe pass along the whole length of Long Island. Was it not possible, queried the newspapers, that the girl had remained on board the *De France* and either jumped or fallen overboard off Long Beach, whence her body was found?

The police and most of the other papers, however, were adamant that Starr Faithfull had been murdered. But, if the girl was murdered, not one clue could be discovered in her killer. All the long and occasional investigation revealed was the peculiar hard part of Starr Faithfull.

The American tabloid press revelled in the scandal unscribed. Only a year before Starr's death she had figured in a strange incident with an unknown man in a hotel room. Other guests reported persons entering from a room occupied by a "Mr. and Mrs. Collins."

A police patrolman was called entering the room to find Starr lying on the bed. She was badly beaten up on the face by someone's fists. A man was sitting on the side of the bed. Both were drunk.

Inexplicably the man was allowed to leave, and was never heard of again. Starr was revived from her stupor and taken to the psychiatric ward of the Bellevue Hospital.

She spent the night there. The hospital records showed "throughout by ambulance. Nausea and vomiting. Acute alcoholism. Confusion, fever, jaw and upper lip. Given medication. Went to sleep. Next A.M. noisy and

TOWER TALE

AT Pass, in North-west Italy, the famous leaning tower is shifting off its perpendicular year by year. Experts say it will collapse during the next 60 years. The tower began to lean while the builders were still at work on it over 800 years ago. It is now leaning over 16 feet off the perpendicular. In the last 19 years it has leaned another three-tenths of an inch.

crying. People came "Discharged."

Following this first indication that Starr Faithfull's past was not what might be expected of a well-brought-up young society, there came revelations of even darker undercurrents.

Her diary was discovered behind some books on a shelf in her room and its intimate secrets blazoned to evil readers—those that were not too swift to print. She called it her "Men Book." It was written in a form of shorthand, using no names of persons, only initials. Nevertheless, it was soon decoded.

One set of initials appeared in the diary more than any other. They were the initials of a man with whom, for some years, the girl had conducted an affair. He was shown as A.J.P. Strangely, although she was apparently letting him make love to her, every reference repeated her hatred and disgust with him. Thus "Spent night A.J.P. at Providence. Oh, horror, horror, horror!"

Inquiries were started in Europe about Starr Faithfull, the mad young

American girl, and further startling news soon came to light in Wallase the inland random.

On one trip she sat a wild swathe through London, buying clothes, visiting nightclubs, and—like so many other young damsels of the giddy champagne-drinking 1890's—throwing custom, upbringing and good sense to the wind with mad, uncalculated excesses. She became famous in club society as the girl who, on the slightest provocation, insisted on doing made dances on multiple tables.

But the crowning revelation—and say that perhaps provided an explanation to the strange, warped personality of Starr Faithfull—was still to come.

As a young girl, seeking quarters; discovered, she had been seduced—with the aid of other—by a wealthy, middle-aged man, the father of one of her school friends.

Her relations with this man continued for a number of years. He was never named, but from entries in her diary it was evident that he was the hated "A.J.P."

Starr was in her late teens before she told her parents of the affair. A public scandal was averted, and the seducer paid a large sum—originally \$10,000—damages to the girl for "moral and physical injury," as it was stated in the agreement made releasing him from liability for damages.

Admirers of the murder theory regarding Starr's death received a setback a few weeks later with the arrival from England of Dr. Jameson Carr. He brought with him, and made available to the police, three letters he had received from Starr since his departure as the Frenchman.

The first was written on May 26, 1901, the day after the incident on his ship, when Starr had to be put ashore in a hospital.

"I am going to end my worthless,

shoddy bore of an existence," she wrote. "I certainly have made a sad, sad, miserable mess of it all. I am dead, dead sick of it. It is no damn fault but my own. I hate everything—my life is horrible. Being a man means you may not understand. I take dope to forget and drink to try and like people, but that is no use."

"I am mad and insane over you. I hold my breath and try to stand it—take venereal in the hope of making happier, but that horrible thing your lover and I have, strongly enough, more of a feeling of peace, or whatever you call it, now that I know it will soon be over."

Starr Faithfull's second letter to the doctor was a formal apology for her conduct before sailing, which he could show to his superiors to absolve himself from any blame for it.

The third letter was written on the afternoon of June 4, the day on which she first disappeared from her home.

"Dear BILL, Old Thing," she addressed him. "It's all up with me now. This is something I am going to get through. The only thing that bothers me about it is being criticized and prevented from doing it."

"If one wants to get away with murder, one has to jolly well keep one's wife about one. It's the same with suicide."

"Nothing makes any difference now. I love to eat, and can have an delicious meal with no worry over gaining weight. I am going to drink slowly, keeping awake every second. Ah! I'm going to enjoy my last cigarette."

"I won't worry because men don't with me in the street—I shall encourage them. I don't care who they are. I'm afraid I've always been a rotten lover—it's the perfume makes that good with me. It doesn't matter now, though."

"It's a great life when one has 24 hours to live. I can be rude to people. I can tell them they are too fat, or that I don't like their clothes. I don't have to dread being a lonely old woman, or poverty, obscurity or loneliness."

"There is nothing I can do but what I'm going to do. I shall never see you again."

Although the letters left no doubt that Starr Faithfull had intended to commit suicide, they did not cause the police to revise their theory that she had been murdered. But in these they debauched a possible explanation of what had really occurred.

It was the remark about encouraging flirting men in the street that the police thought gave the key to the puzzle. They reasoned the man have allowed himself to be picked up by some smooth stranger, accompanied him to dinner and agreed to a suggestion that they repair to Long Beach for an amorous interlude.

On the scale of the deserted beach, Starr—to whom one sometimes became angry and hateful, though her gleaming garbarded experiences—probably changed her mind and repudiated her companion's advances.

In the police view, the estranged man originally attacked the girl, perhaps maddening her unconscious. Frustrated of the consequences, he then took her down to the water's edge and held her head under until he was sure she was dead.

There the case stands to-day. The police investigations were abandoned after a month or so. Nothing further had been discovered and there was not the slightest clue to the identity of the man who had supposedly killed her.

It is unlikely that we shall ever know for certain what really happened to the fragile girl named Starr Faithfull.



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remarkably clean, had very little carbon, big ends were perfect, crankpin wear and cylinder wear only .003 in. — a remarkable figure for such an arduous operation.

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(Inc. in Gt. Britain)



KATH KING LOVE - OF MONEY

BY SYDNEY OCKENDEN -
ILLUSTRATED
BY PHIL BELBIN -

IN THE VERY EARLY MORNING
THE KATH KING WAS AWAKENED
BY THE SOUNDING OF HER
TELEPHONE. TELEPHONICALLY

TRUCK TOGO, PHOTOGRAPHED
CONFIRMED FOR MONTHS, TRUCK
WAS THERE IN MARCHES HERE.
HEAR OF THE TRUCKS IN THE



MY FRIEND DANIEL RUGBY
JUST TELEPHONED ME
URGENTLY. HIS DAUGHTER
HAS -- DISAPPEARED.



I'LL DRESS RIGHT AWAY
COME OVER AND TELL ME
THE STORY.



KATH KING, AN SPECIAL
WRITER OF THE GAZETTE,
WAS GIVEN THE PHOTO-
GRAPHESQUELY WITH
TRUCK WARD, THE PHOTO-
JOURNALIST, BUT THE TWO
WOMEN. IT'S PERSONAL.



RUGBY'S DAUGHTER, LUCY,
WAS DISAPPEARED. TRUCK
WAS CAPTURED BY THE
HOME IN HIS SPORTS CAR
TO PLAY GOLF.



STANLEY RILEY COMING TO
SEE RUGBY. RUGBY THIS
MORNING A WOMAN IS
LIVING.



RUGBY MEETS DANIEL
RUGBY -- AND HEARS FROM
WAS HOW HIS DAUGHTER
DISAPPEARED --



YES, MISS RUGBY, SHE JUST
STAYED -- AND HER SPORTS
CAR HERE -- AND DROVE
UP AND DISAPPEARED.



RUGBY INTRODUCES WARD
TO HIS WIFE AND LESLIE
CHAMP.



LESLIE IS OUR DAUGHTER'S
FRIEND.

KATH HAS A LONG TALK
WITH LESLIE CHAMP, WHILE --



TRUCK QUIETLY EXPLODES
BEHIND THE HOUSE. THE
BARRAGE CAR, RUGBY'S
CAR, AND THE GARDEN.



RUGBY NOTHING TO
INTEREST HIM IN THE
SURRENDERING OF THE
WOMAN. TRUCK TOWNS
THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF
THE HOUSE AND REES
SOMETHING.



WARD IMMEDIATELY
AROUND INTEREST.



HERE, IN THE LAST TEN MINUTES, WHEN UNDER THE HOODS OF EVERYBODY, A NOTE WAS SENT DELIVERED—CALLING FOR A SQUAD OF POLICE FOR THE SAFE RETURN OF LUCY RUSBY.



THERE IS CERTAINLY A POLICE OFFICER, BUT THE SQUAD MEMBERS WILL BE WATCHING TO SEE IF YOU APPROACH THE POLICE.



GRATEFUL FOR THE HELP KATH OFFERS, THE VERY SQUAD AGREE TO WAIT FOR HER TO CONTACT THE POLICE, AND SHE MAY NOT BE WATCHED AS THE FAMILY WOULD BE BY THE SQUAD MEMBERS.



THEN THERE IS A MATTER FOR THE POLICE NOW?

BUT—THIS IS PROBABLY SOME, TERRIBLE.



DO YOU KEEP AWAY FROM THE POLICE—I'LL TELL THEM.



I THINK WE'LL HAVE A CASE OF SOME WHERE DID LUCY RUSBY PLAY?

THREESIDE LINKS



TELL US AND WITH BETTER LUCK, THEY WOULD BE VISITING GOLFERS, THEN...



SHE BOOKED IN TO PLAY ONLY YESTERDAY, BUT DIDN'T PLAY.



WHILE KATH IS TALKING, SOMEBODY OUT IN THE PARKING LOT IS TAKING AN INTEREST IN CASES.



KATH AS A VISITOR, CLARE COULD PROBABLY HAVE BEEN ASKED IF SHE OFTEN COMES OUT...



SHE DIDN'T COME OUT AT ALL? NO, I'D REMEMBER HER CASE, EVEN IF SHE WASN'T PLAYING.



SO SHE DIDN'T ARRIVE HERE, NO LEADS FROM THIS PLACE, WE'LL GO TO THE POLICE NOW, THEN.





HE TOLD THEM THE STORY OF LUCY BERRY'S DIS-
APPEARANCE, AND OF
KATH'S LEAVING THE
GOLF CLUB. THE POLICE
DECIDED TO TRY AND TRACE
THE STRANGER'S CAR.



HE REMARKED THAT HAVING
SLIPPED THE BARRICADE
WAS LEAVING NO DOUBT
THAT LUCY BERRY'S
HOMER HE WANTED ALONG
THE ROAD. LUCY
KATH TO THE GOLF CLUB.



THE MAN BEGINS AND
SAYS HE DID THE
BERRY WOMAN. BUT HE
HAD A BARRICADE. LUCY
BERRY, WHO STAGED
HIS ENGAGEMENT TO
LUCY BERRY TO GET INTO
THE BARRICADE.



RETURNING TO HIS HOME-
CHIEF KATH'S CAPTION
DEMANDS TO KNOW
WHERE THE POLICE
WAS BEEN ADVISED OF
THE MURDERING.....



THE VIOLENT WENT FROM
THE POLICE. ENDS THE
REMARKS WHICH READING
THE CAR SCENE READING
HE KATH. AS DESCRIBED
THE ROAD. THEY FIND THE
TRAIL LEADS THEM TO
THE TROUBLE.....



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THY DANIEL DOWN FOR
SOME OF HIS FORTUNE.



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THE SURVIVORS



IT WAS SO EASY TO RUN AWAY FROM THE SOUND OF THEIR TORTURED COMRADE'S SCREAMS

BRANDO'S cries were weaker now, but we could still hear them. He had begun to scream at sundown, the long, agonized wails of a man under French torture.

We sat motionless. The eyes came shut and opened by dragging minutes of stillness.

The sleep was very quiet now. By the glow of pale tapers, the men of the hunting party looked like statues.

Mench pored up into the black reaches of the Laramies, harking, waiting. He looked odd; fear-sweat glittered on the blond stubble of his jaw and his eyes were too wide.

I felt sick and cold and very proud. My leg ached where an arrow barb had scored the thigh. I looked at Tom Cess, but not white-bearded, a man tried and reared in the raped, blundering country beyond the Missouri.

There was a yellow shape under his arm. The pipe, clamped hard between strong teeth, was long dead; he didn't notice.

I remembered hard. I thought of warm, yellow cedar lights, of a good

hearth and the red palisades of Fort Laramie.

Easy, I thought. Hold on. Be calm and sure, like the Padre.

Even sitting, the Padre was tall and rangy, with the feel of power about him. There was no expression in his lean, ragged face.

The scream choked and died and choked again.

"They're doing it a-purpose!" Mench's voice was steady, out of control. "They want us to hear him yell."

Tom Cess yawned and stood up.

"Mench is right. They're baiting us. They want us to try to save Brand's hide."

The Padre's gaze didn't flicker. All he said was, "Amén."

Mench stared at the Padre, his mouth working.

"I'd be crazy. I'd be stupid."

The words made sense. Maybe it was the look in the Padre's eyes that made them sound wrong. Tom Cess frowned.

"Listen, Padre. There's only one thing to do. Head east. Head for

bad grub and mauling injuns and brother in the water and snakes on the shore and you learn one thing—how to survive. I got a life ahead of me. I am to live it."

I started to swing away.
"Could you call it living, boy?"
The quick movement of it stopped me. Meach quik looking his pickin' up and looked at the Padre. It was so still I could hear the dripping, stubborn sound of Tom Coss's breathing.

"A man never really lives again once a part of him dies. And bread's a part of us and nothing can change it. It we let him die, some way, we die. Some way, we'll never be whole and alive again."

Tom Coss made a few notes in his throat and looked at me.

"We can't get much time."
I showed a fist over my head. I held it to me shoulder.

Tom Coss said, "Coming, Padre?"

All he said was, "I hope you make it to Laramie."

Meach's eyes went wide. Under his breath, Tom Coss said, "I'll be damned."

Then he said, "You're not going to try it alone. You got no chance alone."

The Padre looked at him. "I can try."

He bricked the sparrow in the crack of one arm and started across the clearing.

My throat ached. I felt my lips move. "Wait."

He looked at me and there was a warm feeling in my chest now.

"Like you say, Padre. A man can try."

My skin's smile. He just nodded. Tom Coss and Meach stood silent, watching. I was beside the Padre and we had turned toward the narrow upland when Tom Coss said, "Padre."

The Padre waited. Tom Coss's lips

waited. Meach looked at him anxiously and said, "We got no time for palsons, Tom. If them Pevens crack down..."

Tom Coss covered a second. Finally the broad mouth shut hard.

"Yeah," he said. "Sure." Then "I... just wanted to wish you luck."

The Padre looked at him for a long time.

"Thanks, Tom."

The Padre swung away, tall and dark, moving out of the daylight. I moved with him.

The going wasn't easy. The mountain face lifted above and sagged and started with surges of better and worse rock. The path along to it like crooked ladder steps.

Ahead of me and above, the Padre kept moving. Once, on a level stretch, I saw his hands; the nails were broken and the fingers were bleeding.

"Just a piece further, boy."

I nodded and said, "Sure."

Only it wasn't sure. Nothing was sure but Tom Coss and Meach headed down over the next trail, nothing was real but the side bright colors of Laramie.

I needed a drink. I needed to hear men talking and laughing. But all I heard was the wind raking down from higher peaks, the wind and a voice that whispered. Even now you could catch up with Tom and Meach, leave the Padre to follow his desire, high-sounding words into a Pevens' death trap. You could still be one of the survivors. Sure. All you have to do is turn back.

That was all. But my fingers kept flaking back in the sandy rocks, my eyes kept following the lean shoulders of the Padre, quick and wary now, back about on the slope, face still and alert in the moonlight.

"Now, boy."

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- [illegible]

11. **Answer: A** The author's main purpose is to inform the reader about the importance of the Great Wall of China.

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It was less than a whisper. I saw
none.

The trail had widened now and lifted on a soft hammock that led up to the bench. The rim of the hammock shimmered with sunlight.

The Police said, "Telly."

I stayed. He went first, crawling belly-flat, slow and painful, holding the Spenser firm. He stopped, heaved a cluck of wild terror. I came on hands and knees.

They had Brando slung up between two saplings. This had been cut on the right of his chest and run wide open through and emptied to get tree cracks; the dead weight of his body fell on the torn, bleeding skin.

There were three of them, naked to the breechcloth, squatted around the coals of the fire. Once they glanced up at Brando and laughed. My throat went tight. I drew my hunting knife.

The Future and 'Tough' Kids

I frowned. "Only three here. Looks like they had a plan of their own."

The Padre was silent for a minute. His eyes turned east and down toward the far west. He nodded.

"Well, they won't get away with—"

That was when I moved; that was where you first painted the lagoon walls.

The crash of it echoed high and long, and before it died the shadows on the shelf were moving. Bandle ran, the Pedir and something. It sounded like a mouse.

He was on one knee when the first buck wheeled toward the thicket, screaming, long rifle making a wide arc. The Sowerer heaved the Fader's arm and kicked, and I saw the Indian buckle backward and fall.

I saw the second brave rearing high like a maddened stallion, his knife glittering. I felt the slam of his weight and the bite of metal along my arm. I dug fingers into his wind-

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three on a target

There were three crack shots as the pistol rang. One was a murderer. But which one?

FRANK TAUBER • FICTION

FAT MAX stood on the firing line of his basement pistol range aiming at the target at the far end of the room. Behind him stood the three other members of the pistol team. At first when they heard the shot ring out it didn't appear that anything had gone wrong. The air in the room was already filled with the smell of powder and the men of the team were completely accustomed to the pistol room.

They waited for a few seconds and then Bell called out, "Hey, Max, what are you doing down on the floor?"

Scarcely Bell, Carpenter broke the action of his own pistol and pushed forward the ejector rod. Five empty shell cases fell into his palm, kept one slipped through his fingers and clinked on to the floor.

"Dropped one, confound it," he said. "These hurry up, Max, so that I can turn on the light."

The fourth member of the team, Acton, impulsively spun the cylinder of his Gold Target Revolver. "Out the

drawing, Max," he called. "Finish shooting your target and let's get started on the next round."

And then the three men heard it. It was a low rasping noise, coming from the firing line. They stood motionless, listening to it. Then Carpenter acted. He sprang across the basement and clicked on the light.

The three men held their breaths at what they saw. On the head concrete floor lay the best shot of the "Saturday Afternoon Target Pistol Club." And from the gaping wound in his neck the dark red blood was spilling out on to the gray concrete. The man was fat and his bulk covered the entire area of the target board where he had been standing. His right hand still clutched his revolver. He had been hit by a .38 caliber revolver slug. The head had entered his neck the

size of a bullet and had exited ripping a hole as large as a quarter.

And over the body of the Max, looking down at him, stood the three men. There was Bell, big and awkward, his hands clasping the entire grip of his revolver. There was little Carpenter, bespectacled, frail, who was apparently horrified at what he saw. And there was Acton, whose usual sunny complexion was rapidly disappearing in a fit of shock.

And because the pistol range was in a basement that had no windows, all three of the men were quite sure that one of them was a murderer.

When the argument walked down the stairs into the basement ten minutes later, the three men had partly well recovered from the initial shock. The argument looked at them for only an instant. He glanced



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around the room once and his wrinkled face turned into a quick smile.

"This is a new one," he said. "A killing in a target room. Did anybody move anything?"

The three men said they hadn't.

The sergeant bent down to look at the old man and wrinkled up with a shake of his head. Then he turned.

"Are those your three pistols lying on the table?" he asked.

Again they nodded.

"Now if I've got it straight now," the sergeant said. "All of you were standing in the darkened basement behind the firing line, waiting for the Max to finish his turn. The only light was the small bulb over the target."

"That's about the size of it," Aiken said.

"You don't sound very detailed about the killing," the sergeant observed.

"Can't say I'll shed any tears," Aiken said. "Fat Mike wasn't a very popular guy. We all hated his guts!"

"Is that right?" the sergeant asked the other two.

"I disliked him intensely," Carpenter said. Then he passed over his spectacles and added, "Of course, that doesn't mean I would go to the extreme of murder."

"We had to be nice to him," Bell pointed out in his hoarse voice. "All of us owed him money. That's the kind of guy he was. He'd get us all together on Saturday night. Sort of a command performance. Then he'd brag and remind us how much dough we owed him!"

"Doesn't sound like a particularly nice guy," the sergeant remarked.

"He was a cat, pure and simple," Aiken said.

And then Bell's heavy voice broke in with, "Yeah, we all thought so."

The sergeant got up and began patting the table. "Yeah, he sounds like

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a guy who'd be easy to hate." Then he whirled around. "That one of you guys killed him, and the last time I heard about it they hung you for murder."

Aston laughed. "Okay, sergeant," he said. "Do you want us to continue now or later?"

The sergeant didn't answer. Long experience had taught him that cracking was with a murder suspect didn't help toward a conviction. What he needed was evidence. And the way it looked this time, evidence would be mighty hard to find.

His trained eyes swept over the collar, taking in every detail. The target range ran the length of the basement and the dead man's target still swung from the pulley at the far end. On the table against the wall were four boxes of bullets, and the perforated targets that the men had shot at earlier. The holes in each target were neatly grouped in the black center rings. The sergeant looked at the bullets and at the used targets.

"You fellows are pretty crack shots," he said. "Did any of you ever shoot a perfect target?"

"Certainly," Carpenter said. "Aston shot one the other day."

The sergeant thought about that for a while. Then he asked the men, "Crack shots like you fellows wouldn't ever miss the whole target completely, would you?"

Carpenter and Bell shook their heads. "No," they said in unison.

Aston laughed. "I haven't shot that wild since I was a kid."

The sergeant nodded. Then he went to the switch and clicked off the lights.

"Is that the way it was at the time of the murder?" he asked.

"That's the way it was, all right," Bell agreed.

With the light at the end of the range, the murderer had been able to

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see the dim outline of the fat man in front of him. The sergeant could picture exactly how the murder had taken place. He could almost see the fat man standing in the dark, aiming at the target. Richard Bell, also in the dark, wore those men who had motives for murder, all holding revolvers. One of those three men had raised his gun, pulled back the hammer, aimed at the fat neck of the man in front of him, and pulled the trigger. And the fat man had crumpled to the floor at the dark basement.

The sergeant turned the light back on and looked at his suspects. Just looking at the three men would reveal nothing. There were many thick guys like Acton who didn't have the look for murder. Many big men such as Bell would never harm a fly. And more than one thick fellow like Carpenter had ended his career with the compliments of the state.

"The three of you have almost exactly the same amount of evidence against you," the sergeant said. "You all killed him, you've all got powder marks on your hands, you're all fat shots, you all had the same opportunity. The murder bullet isn't any good because it went right through his neck and splattered in back of the range. There are probably a thousand old slugs buried back there."

"I'm glad you see it that way," Acton said. "One of us killed him and there isn't a thing the law can do, the way I see it."

"Well, good grief, I'm certainly not guilty," Carpenter said.

"I hated him," Bell said. "But I wouldn't knock him off."

"Tape me too," Acton said.

The sergeant had peered the four boxes of bullets on to the table and was counting them.

"Yes, sir, it's the nicest trick I've seen this week," he said.

"Oh, don't take it so hard," Acton said. "We can't all be perfect. They can't do worse than send you back to guarding a boat if you don't solve this case."

The sergeant pointed his finger into the four piles of bullets. "Funny thing. There are 30 bullets in a box. Each of you shot ten rounds and have 40 bullets left. But the murderer should only have 30 left."

"No more of us killed him, is that the idea?" Acton said.

The sergeant acted as if he hadn't heard the remark and looked at the bullets on the table. Then he walked around the table to where the guns of the three men were lying. He poked on the guns, made sure that they were broken and unloaded, and then put them into his rearcoat pocket. He carefully folded the paper targets and placed them into his breast pocket.

The three men watched him intently.

"One of you killed Mac," the sergeant finally said. "When I check the fingerprints on these targets, I'll know who it is."

"Fingerprints?" Carpenter asked.

"Sure," the sergeant said. "You see, one of the targets in my pocket only has some holes, and you all admitted that you've cracked shots. The murderer used that missing shot to kill Mac."

"And how do you know that that person didn't really miss the target?" Carpenter asked.

"Because one of you killed him. And I bet we'll find just ten empty shells for each of your revolvers. The guy who shot nine holes in his target was the only one who had one bullet left for murder."

The three men stared at the sergeant. Then Bell started to say something. But before any words had come out of the big man's mouth, Acton had turned and in three quick steps had reached the basement door. He sprang through the entrance and disappeared up the stairs. Two seconds later there was a short struggle upstairs and then a dull thud.

The sergeant smiled. "I thought that might happen, so I placed one of my best men at the head of the stairs. You know, it's too bad for Acton that he's such a good shot. This time he saved himself right for the police."

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Considered in 1912 of the killing of two friends, Viscount Keith Judd was moved from conviction at the elevenfold hour by committed to an immense asylum. Since then she has made four successful escapes from captivity. For further details of "America's most famous murderers," turn to Charles V. Moran's "Red-Headed Tiger Woman" on page 4.

NARCOTICS

In "American Dope Nation" on page 8, George Fredrick Elmer tells how officers of the U.S. Customs Service, "the guys with a-ray eyes," prevent smuggled drugs entrance the country. They didn't stop all the traffic, but more and more wanted men are being thrown into the light, and the day may not be far off when the narcotic American dope racket will be wiped out.

CRANIUM COLLECTING

"How to Shrink a Head," by Arthur Everett Scott (page 32) is a survey of the cranium practice (the more widespread than you possibly think of) of lopping off and preserving human heads, with particular reference to the methods of the Fibro Institute of North America, who shrink heads to the size of oranges, with the features perfectly preserved in miniature.

CRANIUM CRACKING

In 17th century England, when two young bloods wanted to let off steam,

they did not set to on a bath of date-sauce. Instead, with sturdy pickaxe, they embarked upon a skull-whacking duel that only ended when one or the other had received a broken head. Sydney George Elmer gives you the full details in "When Sticks Were Tramps," on page 24.

NEXT MONTH

Some outstanding features and stories await CAVALLADE readers next month. In "The Whispering Fable," well-known Spenser journalist Jack Graham tells you about Felix Dzerzhinsky, a Fable by ancestry but a Russian by adoption, who sent half a million people to their death as the mad, blood-craved head of the most dreaded secret police force the world has ever known—Russia's terrorizing "Cheka." Watch also for "Man's Most Poised Drink." Middlebrook's new organ can compare to the intoxication caused by Moscow-brewed poyote. Called the most evil narcotic in the world, it causes delirium, exhilaration, even madness. Why do so many people resort to the point of ungodly and treacherous obesity? Is it because of a disturbance in their appetite-regulating mechanism? For the answers to these queries, read Max Milman's "What Makes Us Overeat?" For fiction, outstanding writers Bernie MacLean and Darcy Milard will also be on hand with the sort of stories we know you like.

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